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The Shape of Things

ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MISTAKES THAT could possibly be made would be to expect a policy of moderation from the new Japanese government. It is headed, to be sure, by a man known as a "moderate" but the composition of the Cabinet as a whole shows that it has been built to meet a desperate emergency and to meet it with as much strength as the nation can muster. Russia's denunciation of the neutrality agreement, Japan's multiplying defeats on land and sea—culminating in the destruction of the great battleship Yamato—and the imminence of German collapse clearly necessitated a government of national unity including representatives of the army and navy, Elder Statesmen, big business, and members of the Imperial court. Even the sacred person of the Emperor is being employed more directly than ever before to rally the courage of the nation for a final effort to stave off total defeat. This does not mean that the "moderate" Suzuki may not try to find ways to appeal to the war weariness among the Allies that will follow the end of the struggle in Europe; peace moves will undoubtedly be made, as they have periodically been made by Hitler. And the presence in the government of industrialists and other "solid elements" with whom America found it possible to do business up to the moment of Pearl Harbor will be used as bait. But Americans have learned their lesson on many a green Pacific island, and they are not likely to be taken in by Japanese imperialists dressed up in business clothes.

*

THE RESIGNATION OF PIERRE MENDES-FRANCE AS Minister of National Economy in France means a rightward shift for De Gaulle's government. For some time the conflict between the nationalization plans urged by Mendès-France and the conservative economic policies of René Pleven, Minister of Finance, has been the major issue in French politics. The Socialists have led the progressive fight. The Communists have tended to support De Gaulle's cautious moderation. But the French civilians after years of struggle and suffering within and alongside the Resistance have shown no signs of abandoning their hope for a new order, no inclination to go along with the right. So strong, in fact, has been the ground swell of popular protest that the Communists have recently reconsidered their line and joined with the Socialists in publishing a detailed program for the immediate nationalization of key industries and large banks—a direct challenge of Pleven's fiscal policies. The program provides for the security of small businesses. It proposes to compensate shareholders by paying them the average yield on their former shares during their lifetime and while their children are minors. Only the property of traitors will be

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confiscated. Mendès-France's statement, issued when he left the Ministry, was similarly strong and precise. It shows that the left opposition, while not wanting yet to create difficulties for De Gaulle, is rapidly crystallizing its attitude and its forces. Mendès-France himself may well emerge as one of its leaders; his stature has increased as a result of his firm stand and his impressive warning.

*

OUR RECOGNITION OF ARGENTINA PLACES THE Farrell-Perón government in an excellent position to insist on its inclusion in the San Francisco conference. But if the State Department appeasers have not entirely lost their sense of reality they will understand that the presence of the leading South American fascist state at San Francisco would not only strike a moral blow against the prospects of a strong peace organization, but that it might become the immediate cause of basic differences among the major Allies. Russia does not want Argentina represented, rightly fearing that it would initiate a series of devious intrigues to include Franco's participation as well. Most of the delegations do not look forward to sitting down with representatives of either the present fascist Argentine or Spanish regimes. Those who are serious in wishing to create an organization for world peace should not be forced to suffer the indignity of working with the Buenos Aires administration, whose goal, as that of every fascist state, is and must be—war.

*

ADMIRAL KING'S PLEA THAT WE MAINTAIN A large post-war navy and keep the Pacific bases as a protection against aggression raises a number of interesting questions which he seems to have neglected to answer. In asking that we keep our Pacific bases, was he advocating abrogation of our pledge to free the Philippines in 1946? Was he suggesting that we take New Georgia and New Britain from Australia, Guadalcanal and the Gilbert Islands from Great Britain, and Dutch New Guinea from the Netherlands? Or was he referring merely to the islands seized from Japan? Did he mean to propose that every island be made into a fortress capable of resisting enemy attack, or that we merely add a few additional bases to those we had before the war? And against what enemy are these bases supposed to protect us? Are we going to permit Japan sufficient industrial power to rebuild its navy? Do we fear the Russian or Chinese navy? Or does Admiral King anticipate revival of British imperialism? And finally, how are we to reconcile this vast expansion of American sea power with the principles of collective security underlying the Dumbarton Oaks plan? Won't it look to other countries as if we were trying to carry water on both shoulders?

*

THE SECOND ANNUAL HOLD-THE-LINE REPORT to the President wisely stresses the necessity of maintaining price and wage controls for some time after the war, lest we repeat the disastrous "boom-and-bust" period which followed immediately after World War I. The stabilization agencies, as their heads point out, must fight a war on two fronts: against "a runaway price rise" after VE-Day and also against "the deflationary tendencies which may appear in the transition period." But it will be impossible to maintain a stabilized economy unless a better job is done by the four signers of the report, by Chester Bowles as Administrator of OPA, by Marvin Jones as head of the War Food Administration, by William H. Davis as Director of the Office of Economic Stabilization, and by George W. Taylor as chairman of the National War Labor Board. Our Washington letter this week throws some light on what is happening in the field of price control, and a continuance of these methods will make it hard to hold the country in line. Laggard handling of labor appeals, unwillingness to eliminate substandard wages, discriminatory action against small and marginal producers in agriculture and industry, flabbiness in forcing the textile industry to turn out more low-price clothing, elimination of regulatory officials unsatisfactory to private lobbies—these must be corrected or ended if the line is to be held. A little less complacency about over-all index figures and a little more self-criticism regarding the weak spots in the program would also be helpful.

*

AFTER THE WAR, NEARLY 1,000,000 NEGRO veterans, of whom 750,000 are from the South, will be eligible for loans and other benefits under the G. I. Bill of Rights. If properly administered, that is, if fairly administered, the G. I. Bill of Rights can go a long way toward correcting the injustice and discrimination which Negro soldiers have too frequently experienced in the army. While it is perhaps too late to abolish segregation in the services, it is not too late to see that the Negro veteran gets his full rights under this legislation. These rights are of such substantial character that they can radically transform the status of 1,000,000 Negroes and their dependents: they entitle veterans to vocational and other educational opportunities, to decent homes, to loans for farms (70 per cent of the 750,000 Negroes from the South now in the army are from farming areas), and to other benefits. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veteran Affairs and of Retraining and Reemployment, meant what he said when he assured the National Urban League recently that he would enforce a policy of "four freedoms" for Negro war veterans—"freedom from discrimination in the administration of the law, freedom from inequality in education, freedom from inequality in expenditures for health, hospitalization, and rehabilitation, and freedom from obstacles and prejudices which prevent equal work opportunity and equal pay." If such a policy is to be enforced, a large measure of centralized control must be established. For if control of administration is vested in local officials, these "four freedoms" are likely to become as insubstantial as a mouthful of air.

*

COOPS NOT FIT FOR CHICKENS WERE ONCE considered adequate for sharecroppers—and may be again unless the liquidation of Farm Security Administration projects ordered by Congress is immediately stopped. Five hundred farm-labor families in southeastern Missouri face eviction from the FSA Delmo Homes project, which is to be sold at auction. Tenants earn an average of $2.50 a day and obviously cannot afford to buy their homes, which will probably go at bargain prices—to the planters. If that happens, the farm laborers will be forced back to the share-cropper serf-

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dom which the federal housing program helped them escape. Decent housing has given them increased bargaining power and a measure of independence from the planters, which they are determined to keep. As one tenant said, "The landlord used to dig us out and make us work for 75 cents a day—or get out. I lived in a pigsty and was kicked around. They bounced us out in '39. I'm never agoin' back. I'd go East, North, West, but never back to the shacks." That is the feeling of all the tenants; they were among the 1,500 share-cropper families who were thrown out of their plantation shacks six years ago when the planters decided to save money by hiring day laborers. Under the leadership of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, the workers moved to the roads and staged a highway demonstration that aroused nation-wide support. As the result of a housing investigation, the FSA built 580 homes in this section at an approximate cost of $1,000 each; the houses rent for $6.50 a month. The planters have long hated the FSA communities and through the Farm Bureau and Representative Orville Zimmerman they finally persuaded Congress to pass a bill directing their liquidation. A tenants' delegation has just persuaded Senator Briggs of Missouri to sponsor an amendment to the 1946 Agricultural Appropriation Bill directing the FSA to sell homes to individual workers' families. Congressman Cannon says he will back the amendment, and FSA officials have agreed to delay liquidation proceedings pending Congress's decision. The effort to pass the amendment should be supported by liberals; unless it succeeds, rural federal-aided housing will prove to have been designed ultimately for the profit of private investors and landlords. Surely this was not the purpose for which the FSA, the USHA, and the present public war-housing agency were created.

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THE *READER'S DIGEST*, WHICH LIKES TO CALL itself non-partisan, has briefed, in its April issue, Friedrich A. Hayek's "The Road to Serfdom," which is described as "one of the most important books of our generation." A helpful note informs us that "newsstand supplies of the *Reader's Digest* are soon exhausted, but through the courtesy of the Book of the Month Club reprints have been made available"; and the second item in the *Digest*, a chaser, so to speak, for Hayek, is a condensation of an article by Ralph Robey in *Newsweek*. Its title is What Is Being Planned for You. It is introduced by the alarming question: "What becomes of the enterprise which has created a great nation when *this* program gets going?" And whereas Hayek's contribution is a mild-mannered polemic against planning in general, Robey's is a wild-eyed attack on what he calls the "ultimate program" of the Administration. There is one flaw in this beautifully synchronized attack on planning. The "ultimate program" may well appeal to the reader more than Hayek's polemic or Robey's rage. And that would be a good joke on Hayek, Robey, the *Reader's Digest*, and the Book of the Month Club. What we are now watching for is an announcement by the *Digest* that this non-partisan organ will print a condensation of a book which states the case for planning, say, "Full Employment in a Free Society," by William J. Beveridge—also considered "one of the most important books of our generation."

Peace Weather: Barometer Rising

THIS past week has provided the American people with a useful lesson in political dynamics. It began in an atmosphere of suspicion and gloom. Moscow's demand that the Warsaw government be given a seat at San Francisco, turned down in London and Washington; Moscow's demand for three seats in the future United Nations Assembly, acceded to by Churchill and Roosevelt at Yalta and then kept secret until it leaked into the press—these events set off a general barrage of criticism and pessimistic prediction. Goebbels himself could not have invented more ugly rumors of inter-Allied dissension than appeared in the Allied press. The postponement of the San Francisco conference was widely expected. It was strongly advocated by such diverse writers as Walter Lippmann and the editor of the Yorkshire *Post*. The left press in England went to even greater extremes of gloom. The London *Tribune*, for example, predicting failure at San Francisco, said grimly, "The shadow of the next war looms up even before the thunder of the present one has died away. Surely mankind has never faced a more terrible prospect."

But all this was last week. This week things have changed —at least in this country. Nobody now suggests putting off the conference. A general tone of optimism pervades the press. What has happened? Moscow still claims three votes in the Assembly, as far as anybody knows, and the Warsaw government is not reorganized. Not a single problem has been solved nor an impasse broken. But Russia has denounced its neutrality pact with Japan—and the sky has cleared. Already the prospect of agreement among the Big Three seems brighter: Stalin is a pretty good fellow again, and Russia a desirable ally instead of a looming menace. For the ordinary American finds it almost impossible to worry about the extent of Moscow's influence in Poland or the number of Russian votes in the Assembly when he suddenly sees a chance that the Pacific war may be ended many months sooner than appeared possible a week ago. The probability that Russia will help lick Japan is worth a dozen minor concessions in Europe to the man in the street and to his favorite newspaper: it is significant that even the rabid anti-Russian press has welcomed the Moscow decision without serious qualifications. Indeed, the New York *Daily News* goes so far as to offer Stalin Manchuria "and other parts of China, too," as long as he comes in and helps himself!

It is obvious, of course, that the almost excessive good cheer created by Russia's brilliantly timed announcement will not last indefinitely unless it is sustained by concrete accomplishments. But optimism and good-will are effective political agents and can do much to dispel differences that multiply in an atmosphere of suspicion. Today the San Francisco conference stands a far better chance of success than it did last week. And even the problems of Poland and the distribution of votes seem more likely to be settled. Last Friday Secretary Stettinius told a New York audience that he had reason to hope the job of reorganizing the Warsaw govern-

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ment would be finished in time to permit a Polish delegation to come to San Francisco. The almost incredible announcement by the Polish London government that the top men in their "shadow" government in Poland had "vanished" after going to keep an appointment with a high Soviet officer near Warsaw, revealed for the first time that talks were going on between the Russians and underground Polish leaders. Out of these talks may emerge the agreement Mr. Stettinius hinted at. Or it may be reached in Moscow by the committee appointed at Yalta. In any case, hope of a settlement has replaced the suspicion that greeted Russia's earlier demand for representation of the Warsaw government.

Even the Assembly vote jam may be broken. When the President announced the other day that the United States had decided not to ask for three votes to match Russia's, a rumor was circulated in the press to the effect that Russia might also voluntarily forswear the extra votes it had been promised. No substantiation appeared to exist; but the mere fact that this country had made a gesture of self-denial tended to create a better prospect.

Atmosphere is an intangible element in political affairs, but a potent one. Between Russia and the Western world a chronic atmosphere of distrust, dating back all the way to the October revolution, has been more responsible than any actual clash of interests for the misunderstandings that periodically rise up to threaten the Great Alliance. Many of Moscow's most arbitrary acts have stemmed directly from this distrust. It accounts too for the readiness in this country to expect the worst whenever a difference of opinion with Russia develops. It is a factor that can never for a moment be ignored in judging political relations with the Soviet Union. Good diplomacy implies a most intense effort on both sides to dispel this atmosphere for good. Moscow's decision to end its pact with Japan, announced at exactly the right moment, was a diplomatic move of incalculable value; it is up to everybody who understands the need of continued close relations with Russia to prevent its effect from evaporating in the critical days ahead of us.

The Georgia Rate Case

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court agreeing to hear the Georgia railway case is of major importance. The background of the suit brought by Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia is fairly well known. The industrialization of the South and West has been stunted by a freight-rate structure which discriminates against those sections in favor of the North. From an economic point of view, the South and the West are "colonial" areas: that is, they are primarily the source of raw materials for the industrial North, which in turn supplies them with manufactured goods. Freight rates act as a kind of tariff in reverse to preserve this relationship. A brilliant report prepared by J. H. Alldredge for the Tennessee Valley Authority in 1937 showed that the nearer a product comes to the final stage of production the greater is the discrimination in rates against the Southern manufacturer. "For example," William H. Joubert told the Florida Academy of Sciences last year, "rates on raw cotton from the South to the North are the same, mile for mile. . . . On bleached cotton fabrics the South-to-North rate is 11 per cent higher than the rate wholly within Northern territory; and on oil cloth, a more highly processed cotton product, the disparity is 54 per cent."

This is more than a sectional issue. The establishment of a less unfair rate structure is of importance to the North as well as the South. The problem is not to take industries from the North and shift them to the South and West; that is the narrow, the shortsighted, the mercantilist view. The real problem is that, without industrialization, the buying power and living standards of millions in the South and West will continue to be too low for a full-employment economy. This was touched upon in Wallace's famous railroad speech at Dallas, and it is this which gives national significance to Governor Arnall's suit against the railroads serving Georgia. The Georgian's political boldness, his able argument before the Supreme Court, and the favorable decision he has won have given him new prominence in Washington, where he is already spoken of as a progressive Southern candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1948.

The Supreme Court split five to four in the Georgia decision; it is amusing to note that the split happened to be geographical. The five justices holding for Georgia were from the West and South (if Murphy of Michigan is included). The four dissenters were all Northern judges. The real issue, as so often happens in high-court cases, was touched on only inferentially. It is that the Interstate Commerce Commission has outlived its usefulness. Rates are made by the railroads themselves through the kind of rate-making bureaus long ago held to be in violation of the anti-trust laws. Review of these rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission may be obtained, but only by a process of lengthy and costly litigation. The ICC itself has undergone an evolution typical of administrative agencies; the forces to be regulated have gotten control of the agency set up to regulate them. The ICC is today more a boon to the railroads than a safeguard for shippers.

The question before the court was whether the state of Georgia could by-pass the ICC and appeal directly to the Supreme Court for relief under those clauses of the Constitution which give the court original jurisdiction over certain types of cases to which a state is a party. Justice Douglas, supported by Justices Black, Reed, Murphy, and Rutledge, said Georgia could do so. The Chief Justice, speaking for himself and Justices Roberts, Frankfurter, and Jackson, said it could not. In strict terms of precedent, the minority had the better of the legal argument. The suit is a very odd specimen from a conventional legal point of view, and the original complaint itself was somewhat blundering and naive. There are impressive reasons for fearing judicial interference with administrative agencies, and the "correct" remedy is certainly through the ICC and by anti-trust action. A case against the rate-making activities of the Western railroads was filed by the Department of Justice last summer in Nebraska. But it seems to us there are both adequate legal rationalizations and weighty considerations of constitutional statesmanship in the majority's favor. The younger members of the court do not intend to be stultified by strict legal decorum, and Georgia will be heard.

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Franco's Fixer

WE ARE not honored, but deeply interested, to introduce to *Nation* readers Señor Manuel Aznar, the new Spanish minister to Washington. Franco has chosen him as the man best fitted to fool the Americans. A brief glance at Aznar's career will show that the choice is a perfect one. The only other man in Spain who might compete with him for such a delicate assignment is his own chief, Lequerica. But even though the Franco regime considers Washington the most important of diplomatic posts, it could not be expected that the Foreign Minister would leave Madrid now when he may momentarily be expecting the visit of his colleague Herr von Ribbentrop, disguised as an officer of the Luftwaffe, A. W. O. L.

Manuel Aznar was born in Echalar, Navarre, fifty-three years ago; he received his education at Duesto, the famous Jesuit college in the Basque country. Under the monarchy Duesto was the training school for some of the shrewdest politicians of the Spanish extreme right. From the thousands of sons of aristocratic and middle-class families who went to Duesto the Jesuits selected the cleverest, married them off to rich heiresses if they lacked money, helped to establish them as successful lawyers, and distributed them in the Parliament and Cabinet.

Though intelligent and audacious enough, young Aznar evidently struck his teachers as too unreliable to become one of the Duesto's protégés. He had, therefore, to rely upon his own resources. After he left college, he went off to Bilbao to make his way as a journalist. His first job was on the newspaper *Euzkadi,* a nationalist Basque daily, where he made such rapid progress that he soon became its editor. But the ambitious Aznar could not remain content for long in this provincial town, and when Madrid offered him an opportunity to practice journalism on a first-class, national scale, he jumped at it. Once in Madrid he promptly turned against his Basque friends and attacked the very policies he had so warmly advocated in *Euzkadi.*

He moved to *El Sol,* a new Madrid paper which made its first appearance in the last years of World War I. *El Sol* was a revolutionary departure in Spanish journalism, for it introduced a startling modern tone and gathered around it some of the most brilliant writers of Spanish intellectual circles. We are certain that in Washington Aznar will boast of having been a leading force in *El Sol's* campaigns in favor of the Allies, of the League of Nations, and of a democratic Spain.

Aznar was determined to become chief editor of *El Sol,* and even in these early days he revealed an indisputable talent for intrigue and double-crossing. He practiced the art of flattery in its subtlest and most insidious forms. He agreed with those who could be useful to him; he knifed his rivals with skill and unconcern. Undoubtedly Aznar has documented himself thoroughly on the foibles and interests of every influential man in the American capital. If he gets a chance he will surely discuss recent Spanish poetry with Archibald MacLeish and Latin America with Nelson Rockefeller, and he has probably tucked away in his diplomatic pouch some rare old Spanish stamps for President Roosevelt's collection.

His intrigues in Madrid were bound to make him thoroughly unpopular, and when one of his business ventures, a printing concern, went bankrupt, he found it advisable to leave for Cuba. There he became involved with a very strange woman, the Duchess of Alcali, and his liaison received so much publicity that he was forced to leave Cuba with her and establish himself in Mexico. But after a suitable lapse of time he returned to Havana in the hope that his facile pen might be useful to Machado. He placed himself unconditionally at the service of the Cuban dictator, from whom he received ample remuneration.

The Franco rebellion caught him in Madrid. Obviously the Spanish capital was not the safest place for a man who had betrayed all his liberal friends and had long since lost the respect of those who were organizing the defense of the capital. But in those days the Giral government was too deeply involved in the immediate task of limiting the area of the rebellion to exercise very close control over minor government appointments. Taking advantage of this situation, Aznar succeeded in selling the local Madrid authorities, who were not very well informed about world affairs, the idea that his international connections made him the ideal negotiator to smooth out differences created by the war between the Spanish government and certain foreign concerns with financial interests in Spain. He got the job and obtained his papers to leave Loyalist territory for France. But instead of returning with the reply of the foreign companies he dallied in France to see how things would shape up. When the big rebel drive against Madrid started and the Republic appeared doomed, Aznar started for Spain. But on the way he made a "mistake" in his route, and instead of returning to Madrid to help in the defense of the capital he landed in Burgos! Franco immediately clapped him in jail, but a short time later the rebel leader decided that, with most of the best Spanish writers on the side of the Republic, he could well utilize the flexible talents of Manuel Aznar. Aznar promptly became Franco's leading propagandist and is today the one truly able journalist of the fascist regime. He has written innumerable articles for *Arriba* and *Alcàzar,* both Falangist papers, several of which have received the dubious honor of being reprinted in the German press.

Aznar was of course one of the first men in the Franco camp to perceive that Germany was losing this war, and at once he started a subtle campaign to win American support. That his activities have borne some fruit is indicated by the fact that Karl von Weigand of the Hearst press recently described him in glowing terms as "a great admirer of America."

In the interest of democratic self-preservation alone the United States should have barred the entry, under diplomatic cover, of this notorious Falangist agent; in the complicated social milieu of Washington a man of his daring and suppleness can, to say the least, play a disturbing role. Now that Aznar's arrival is imminent, we can only hope that the day may not be far off when a change of policy toward Spain will relieve the American people of the presence of such "friends" of the United States.

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No Shortage of Hogs

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 6

WHATEVER the truth about the meat situation, this country suffers from no shortage of hogs, especially in the food and textile industries. Relief for liberated Europe, as I indicated in last week's letter, is not held up by the UNRRA's minor political troubles but by the difficulty of mobilizing these industries to feed and clothe our allies. Food and textiles escaped effective mobilization for war and essential civilian needs. It is unlikely that after V-E Day they can be mobilized effectively for relief to Europe. But whatever little we can do will help. Something can be accomplished if labor unions and other progressive organizations bring the essential facts to public notice and press Congress, the War Production Board, the War Food Administration, and the Office of Price Administration to act.

So far the WPB, the WFA, and the OPA have failed to provide even the home market during the war with adequate food and clothing at a fair price. All three are dominated by business men from the industries they are supposed to control. It would be untrue and unfair to enter a blanket indictment of all of them; many have shown considerable public spirit and willingness to rise above business considerations and personal interest. But the best of them have been much too weak in dealing with their old friends and associates. "They rape awful easy." Nor would it be true to say that there are not genuine grievances in these industries, and perhaps some few producers who cannot make both ends meet. But behind most of the squeals with which food and textile representatives have recently filled the halls of Congress is mere porcine resentment because somebody else is getting a little more swill.

I have before me as I write a release from the American Wool Council. The council objects to M-388, a belated and inadequate WPB order designed—ever so gently—to force the textile industry to produce a little more low-cost clothing. The council says M-388 is not an emergency measure at all but a "warmed-over" plan rejected in 1943. The council helpfully reveals for the first time that Richard N. Johnson, chief of the consumer-goods division of the WPB, prepared a plan in 1943 to ease the shortage of low-cost clothing. The plan was of course rejected. It would have cut into profits by channeling mill output into lower-cost fabrics and end-products into lower-price items. The Wool Council is exposing itself, not M-388. For if the textile crowd hadn't objected to the kind of supervision envisaged in the Johnson plan, the present emergency would not have arisen. The fact is that present textile problems were foreseen by Robert R. Guthrie of the WPB shortly after Pearl Harbor. Guthrie was then in charge of textiles, and he was fired by Donald M. Nelson for his courage. Some of the very dollar-a-year men to whom Guthrie boldly objected, though himself a business man, are still in the textile division, some fumbling, some sabotaging, the public interest.

The hearings before the reactionary Smith committee on food and textiles have been unintentionally illuminating. One bit of testimony graphically indicates the attitude of mind with which we have to deal. One textile manufacturer who makes quality fabrics was asked whether it was not true that "physically the looms in the plant could be used for the manufacture of low-priced clothing." "A loom," he answered, "whether it is in our mill or in anyone else's mill, will still weave cloth, but the structure of a business must be taken into consideration." It is the "structure" of the business rather than of human beings that is the first consideration. In the depression of the early '30's these manufacturers found it possible to turn out lower-price, lower-quality goods. They do not want to give up their lush war-time market for higher-price garments. Just how lush that market is may be seen from the fact that last year's textile earnings before taxes ran close to $400,000,000, as compared to an annual average of $28,000,000 from 1936 to 1939.

In addition to their abnormal war profits, both food and textiles last year enjoyed special "windfall" profits. Under the Bankhead amendment to protect "parity" prices on cotton, and under some very queer accounting methods, the mills last year averaged a profit of about three cents a pound on the cotton they used; in other words, they were allowed parity prices on cotton but bought it for three cents a pound less. The net windfall from this source, after all adjustments, is estimated at $60,000,000 during 1944. The profits of the meat packers last year were seven times as great as their annual average profits from 1936 to 1939. Of their $162,000,000 in profits last year, a large portion is due to a "windfall" like that in cotton. They were given a rollback subsidy on the basis of a price of $15 a hundred for hogs, but the actual market price averaged about $12.50. During the current clamor, because of seasonal tightness in the livestock market, they have been granted additional increases: a subsidy of an extra $1 per hundred pounds on beef, elimination of the discount of 75 cents a hundred pounds formerly granted the army on carload-lot purchases of pork products. The new increases will guarantee profits of about $150,000,000 a year even if the price of livestock remains at current levels. While the big packers were getting these increases, the small, non-processing slaughterers were cut back by the OPA. These independents had been given an 80-cents-a-hundred differential on beef; this was cut to 30 cents.

The top executives of the OPA seem to be engaged in a terrific battle to hold down the cost of living, but these recent increases and current undercover compromises on the textile pricing program lead one to suspect that the hand is quicker than the eye. The new meat increases were made without submitting them to lower-level officials in operating divisions and without any real cost reports from the packers. I suspect that this is not unconnected with the resignation of one of the ablest and most devoted public servants the New

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Deal brought to Washington—Richard Gilbert, chief economic adviser to the OPA. Gilbert, who formerly taught economics at Harvard and the Fletcher School, has been a key official in price regulation since the Defense Commission was established in May, 1940. He was the target of attack by William P. Jacobs, capital lobbyist for textile interests, and his resignation was requested by OPA Administrator Chester Bowles. Another able and hard-working New Dealer, Thomas I. Emerson, who was deputy administrator for enforcement, recently resigned in disgust and went to the Office of Economic Stabilization. These resignations are indicative.

"What actually is going on among textile manufacturers," James B. Carey of the C. I. O. told the Senate Banking and Currency Committee last year, "is exactly equivalent to a strike which, if engaged in by labor, would be loudly and properly condemned during war time. These manufacturers cut their output of the low-cost, less profitable items, demand higher price ceilings, finally get the higher ceilings, and still refuse to produce what is needed." It will take a lot of public pressure to hold them back from all-out production of higher-cost items after V-E Day. The situation in food is more serious and more sinister. As recently as last December War Food Administrator Marvin Jones told the White House there was no need for rationing. Jones did resist pressure to cut food-production goals for this year as sharply as the farm-and-food bloc wanted, but the consumer-conscious and well-informed C. I. O. *Automobile Worker* charges that much of the present food stringency "was planned by the War Food's production plans of two years ago." As I indicated last week, the big food interests want to end the war with bare shelves—and high prices.

Donald Montgomery, formerly of the Department of Agriculture, now the driving force of the C. I. O. Cost of Living Committee, last week sent a letter to Senator Elmer Thomas and Congressman Clinton Anderson, challenging Congress to investigate War Food Administration policy. Montgomery is prepared to prove that WFA policy "has been dictated more by a desire to protect the monetary value of food stocks . . . and the profits of food industries . . . than to protect the food needs of the people." The WFA has sought to distract popular resentment from itself by spreading the impression that food is short because of exports for relief. That was the effect of the action taken by Byrnes in naming the new food-export control committee under Leo T. Crowley. This was represented in Congress as a bold step to protect American supplies from being sent abroad. The truth is that pitifully little of our food has gone abroad except to our own armed forces, and that we can have plenty both for ourselves and for liberated Europe any time we muster the gumption to make the farm bloc and the food processors behave. Many will die in liberated Europe this winter of cold and hunger if we fail.

The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

THE disintegration of the German armies in the west continues apace. The Allies took 300,000 prisoners in the first fortnight of the massive clean-up operation east of the Rhine, 180,000 of these in the first six days of April. During the latter period the enemy lost about 25,000 in killed and wounded. This proportion of seven men surrendering for every man knocked physically out of action is a significant index of the scope of the German breakdown; it shows clearly that organized resistance on a large scale is rapidly drawing to an end, and that a period of small-scale, desperate resistance by uncoordinated units is about to set in.

For the dual purpose of doing honor to the Allied fighting team and of preventing the post-war rise of Nazi mythology about another "stab in the back," it cannot be emphasized too often that the Germans in the west have been defeated by superb generalship, superior fighting skill, and extraordinary logistic achievements. Our numerical superiority in the air, in artillery, and in ground troops has not been marked enough by itself to bring about the terrible German débâcle of the past two months between the Roer and the Weser. A half-million prisoners are taken in such a period and under such conditions only when the attacking generals have planned brilliantly, employ surprise, change pace and direction quickly, and have enough confidence in their troops and supply columns to order bold flanking movements, encirclements, and long advances. These attributes have been displayed on every Allied army front in the past weeks.

Some of the best recent footwork has shown up on the northern front since the Twenty-first Army Group has been freed from the onerous task of reducing the big Ruhr pocket, where the Germans still fight hard among the slag heaps and industrial ruins. British and Canadian columns have fanned out into Holland and the Westphalian plain—toward the German North Sea ports—with a disregard for the absolute security of their flanks not always typical of Marshal Montgomery. To my total lack of surprise, the British Seventh Armored Division, of which I once had the honor of being a member, has been leading the race to Bremen. As always in its long and distinguished history, these original Desert Rats are paced by the Eleventh Hussars, which I should guess is the best armored-car regiment in the world. Something of the quality of this division may be judged from the history of the Alamein break-through. That break-through came at the northern hinge of the front, next to the sea, at a time when the Seventh was just back of the line in the south, where General Montgomery had specifically ordered it "not to be destroyed." The division moved forty miles north on the day of the break-through, crossing laterally the forward movement of the entire Eighth Army, and next day was racing down the coast road toward Tobruk in advance of everyone. It led the way half across Africa; the Eleventh Hussars were first into Tobruk, Benghazi, Tripoli;

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and when the division was shifted to the First Army front to spearhead the surprise attack which crumbled the Germans before Tunis, the Hussars beat everyone to the City Hall. I suspect that the Hussars will get a reconnaissance patrol first into Berlin, if they have to go A. W. O. L. from their own army and join Patton's to do it.

This thrust toward Bremen may be intended to nip possible German schemes for a stand in northern Germany which would match the widely advertised stand in the south. Saturday's Allied bombing pattern shows a suggestive concentration in this northern area—rail junctions, airfields, and ordnance stores inside the quadrilateral bounded by Bremen, Kiel, Rostock, and Neustrelitz. Montgomery may well continue through or past Bremen to Hamburg and the lower Elbe, getting in position to swing on Berlin from the northwest. Judging from the heavy week-end counter-attacks east of Kassel, the enemy now fears Patton's direct advance on Leipzig most. It is difficult to find coherence in the present German defense plans, but they seem to call for a concentration of effort to prevent Patton from linking with the Russians about Dresden, which would prevent the troops holding the Oder from getting away to the south. Thus Montgomery may find the going easier than the Americans.

The continued toughness of German resistance still farther south, protecting Stuttgart and Nürnberg, provides additional evidence. The violent battle for Vienna is directly linked with the fighting in the west: if the Russians clear Vienna quickly, they could drive up the Danube valley toward a junction with Patch's Seventh Army in the Regensburg region, throwing another barrier across the German retreat to the "national redoubt." In both east and west, then, the fighting in the south is of greater long-term importance than that in the north.

Further supporting evidence of the importance of the south comes from Veritas, the excellent military writer for the Sunday *Times* of London, who quotes a Swiss description of the Nazis' preparations for defense in the Berchtesgaden region: "The fact that the small mountain lakes which abound in the district and the shafts of former salt mines . . . have been so cleverly utilized, that almost impassable mountain ridges have been incorporated into a system of fortifications, and that machine-gun nests, flak positions, and solid bunkers have been built in the passes, lends support to the belief that this romantic dream is meant to be taken seriously, and that German thoroughness has here once more been employed with a fantastic goal in view. . . . Gigantic depots of war materials, ammunition chambers, and repair workshops have been installed in the caves of the Königsee. . . . Factories have been built for producing war materials. . . . Subterranean airfields and hangars have been built . . . grain and potatoes have been accumulated."

As Veritas says, all this is military nonsense, which can delay but not compromise total Allied victory. The reason is strictly political: to create chaos and disorder in the wrecked towns of Germany, so as to make the Allied task as difficult as possible and to add to the Nazi mythology another chapter—"at least they were efficient; they gave us bread and houses." Hence the political reasons for forestalling a protracted German stand in the south are even more compelling than the military reasons.

10 Years Ago in "The Nation"

MORE THAN A WEEK has passed since Hitler's unilateral action on German rearmament was first announced to a panicky world. Much has occurred during this period. England, France, Austria, and Czechoslovakia have taken steps to strengthen their defenses against the menace of a rearmed Germany. Mussolini has increased his standing army until it is almost as large as that proposed by Hitler. The Soviet Union has announced that if war must come it is ready to meet the steel of the German invader. France and Italy have protested against the violation—of the Versailles treaty. . . . But apart from an encouraging evidence of unity of action, the powers appear as uncertain how best to meet Hitler's bold challenge as they were on the day of its announcement. . . . War, if it is to come within the next year, will be the result of a series of diplomatic blunders rather than the outcome of the deliberate will of any nation.—*April 3, 1935.*

THE EFFECT of the war scare on Washington has been to spur the formulation of a new doctrine of neutrality. Army and navy sentiment at present favors the complete abandonment of the freedom of the seas and the withdrawal of all protection of war-time trade under the American flag. This is isolationism carried to its logical finality.—*April 3, 1935.*

THE COURTS, the cops, and all the agencies of government are supposedly neutral during strike activities. But it is at best the neutrality of a Pilate of Judea. The police will stay out of the picture only if the armed guards and thugs of the company concerned can carry on the terror for themselves. By some most curious misapprehension "strike violence" in the public mind is associated with the acts of the workers. But even the most casual inquiry will show that in the vast majority of cases violence is begun by the employer and carried out by him to the bitter end.—HEYWOOD BROUN, *April 3, 1935.*

ALMOST UNNOTICED in the flurry of excitement over Europe, the Abyssinian crisis has drifted from bad to worse. With one eye on Germany and the other on Abyssinia, Mussolini has mobilized an army of nearly 600,000 men in addition to the two divisions recently dispatched to Africa. . . . Emperor Haile Selassie has moved 100,000 of his troops into a position to check the threatened Italian advance.—*April 17, 1935.*

NOT SINCE LAUSANNE has an international conference ended upon a note of general optimism such as was in evidence at Stresa. This was perhaps due more to surprise that any progress could be made than to specific achievements. . . . On the chief problem facing Europe at present—the discovery of a technique for enforcing collective security—the conference made no final decisions.—*April 24, 1935.*

BOOKS OF THE MONTH: William Faulkner, "Pylon"; F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Taps at Reveille"; Hugh S. Johnson, "The Blue Eagle from Egg to Earth"; Marianne Moore, "Selected Poems," with an introduction by T. S. Eliot.

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England and the Pacific War

BY JOE FROMM

THE official announcement of British naval participation in the pre-invasion bombardment of the Ryukyu Islands is encouraging news, for a group of top-ranking officers in the American navy have been trying to exclude the British from the Pacific. It is an open secret in diplomatic circles that one of the United States delegates to the Quebec conference last September proposed that the Pacific campaign be almost wholly an American undertaking and that the British navy be confined to the Indian Ocean or at most be assigned a decidedly minor role in the Pacific. The American naval delegate was, happily, ruled out of order, and President Roosevelt assured Prime Minister Churchill that "we will continue side by side across the Pacific until Japan surrenders."

The fairly important part played by a task force of the British Pacific fleet in the assault on the Ryukyus suggests that the policy enunciated at Quebec has prevailed. But there is ample evidence that a substantial number of American officers still disapprove. Their spokesmen insist that the objections of this dissident group are based entirely on technical considerations. Hanson W. Baldwin, the New York *Times* military commentator, has argued, for example, that Pearl Harbor "already is overcrowded and would be faced with a major problem if it suddenly had to maintain another great naval task force composed of ships differing in gun calibers and characteristics from our own and manned by crews who speak a different type of naval language and have different customs, routines, and procedures." The success of the Ryukyu operation should effectively answer this argument, but the Associated Press dispatch reporting the bombardment made a cryptic statement that was somewhat disquieting. Bearing a Guam date line and obviously reflecting the views of naval officials there, the dispatch contained this sentence: "Disregarding the question whether British and American ships are technically able to operate side by side, British carriers are fully prepared to operate as a completely independent task force." Clearly the technical difficulty of joint operations is an argument that continues to influence naval planning in the Pacific.

However, the real explanation of the agitation for an exclusively American war in the Pacific can probably be found in the deep-seated Anglophobia that seems to be one of the less admirable traditions of the American navy. Hanson Baldwin himself, after emphasizing the technical difficulties of combined naval operations, concedes that the same people who shouted a short time ago that the British would never help us in the Pacific are now whispering, "The British will insist on coming in at the kill in the Pacific for prestige and political reasons." And less than a week after the British were compelled to beg for a larger role in the Pacific war, Lieutenant Commander C. Ray Robinson, former legal adviser to Admiral Halsey, made the categorical statement, "I'm certain that we will get nothing from the British except what we have been getting."

This anti-British attitude might, of course, seriously impair the teamwork of the two navies. It is certainly being exploited by the McCormick-Patterson-Hearst press and other American chauvinists to foment discord between the Allies and to serve their own imperialist ends. For months the McCormick-Patterson-Hearst papers have been screaming that the British are letting America hold the bag in the Pacific, that they refuse to bear their share of the burden in the war against Japan. A few weeks before the Quebec conference the Chicago *Tribune* said editorially: "The British, many of whose possessions we have reconquered from the Japs, have contributed so little to the fighting in the Pacific that it would be a mockery for their chief of state to sit in on a mid-Pacific war conference. Apparently they do not intend to become active in the Japanese war for some time." And it still followed this line after the disclosure that the British, far from stinting on their obligations, actually were demanding a greater share in the Pacific war.

To substantiate the argument that the United States is winning the war in the Pacific single-handed, the formerly isolationist press indulges in outright distortion of the facts. "The Japanese war is almost exclusively an American show," said the *Tribune,* whereas actually the Australians did a very substantial share of the fighting in the "island-hopping" campaign. In analyzing the New Guinea campaign Colonel McCormick did not once mention the Australian troops. Yet the Australians fought the battle of the Owen Stanley Mountains with the aid of a single American regiment, all land fighting at Milne Bay was done by Australians, and for every American who fought in the Buna-Gona battle there were three Australians. Furthermore, when American forces invaded Leyte, the task of cleaning out 90,000 Japanese left isolated in the islands to the east was handed over to the Australians. In view of the heroic joint fight waged by Australian and American forces in the Pacific, it seems almost indecent to exaggerate the achievements of either nation.

Having created the illusion that America is defeating Japan single-handed and that the British are unwilling to do their share of the fighting, the imperialists find it an easy step to the cry, "Will Britain continue to own and rule islands bought with American blood, vital to American defense?" This is not a parody of their words. It is an exact quotation from Hearst's Chicago *Herald and American.* It may not be honest journalism, but it is smart imperialism. Everything fits neatly into the imperialist scheme: keep the British out of the Pacific, then accuse them of bad faith for failing to do their share of the fighting, cry that American blood is being spilled to reconquer British possessions, and

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finally demand that America keep the islands as defense bases. This cunning campaign was advanced to its final stage when ex-Representative Melvin Maas demanded that the United States annex the Pacific islands now under Australian administration.

Admiral Ernest J. King, commander-in-chief of the United States fleet, himself contributed incalculable support to this gang of empire-seekers when he declared that the United States must keep the bases in the Pacific from which the Japanese have been ousted. In saying that we must do this to be safe from future aggression, King paralleled the line pursued by the McCormick-Hearst-Patterson press.

Of course, Britain's desire for a larger share in the Pacific war is inspired by more than an unselfish wish to share the cost of victory over Japan. Britain has an empire at stake in the Far East and realizes that it must play a major role in the Pacific war if it is to establish its imperialist claims. To those who are willing to examine the facts objectively it seems plain that the age of imperialism is passing, that the peoples of India, Burma, Malaya, French Indo-China, the Dutch and Japanese colonies, and all the other subject lands are emerging from the war with a new spirit of independence. But while the final political settlement in the East is of utmost importance, neither politics nor personal animosities nor intolerance should be permitted to delay the victory over Japan. The only relevant question is this: Will British fleet cooperation hasten the victory and reduce the cost in American lives? The answer obviously is in the affirmative.

The fact that a British task force has been permitted to take part in one action in the Pacific will not wipe out the navy's prejudice against the British or deprive our native imperialists of their chief source of ammunition. High policy calls for full British naval participation in the war against the Japanese, but high policy could be circumvented at a lower level. If this should happen, that is, if anti-British elements in the American navy were allowed to influence tactical planning or jeopardize relations between American and British naval units, our navy would inadvertently be playing into the hands of chauvinists who value American lives less than the profits of an American empire.

Fair Employment State by State

BY WILL MASLOW

SPURRED by the example of New York, a dozen Northern states are now seriously considering bills for state Fair Employment Practice Commissions. The chances for the enactment of strong, comprehensive measures seem excellent in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey; good in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Wisconsin, and Michigan. Not since the Civil War has there been so much local interest in preventing racial or religious discrimination in employment: forty-nine different bills have been introduced in twenty states this year.

The impetus for this legislation comes from no central source, although the C. I. O., the American Jewish Congress, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People are circulating and pushing "model" bills. In six states—Kansas, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, California, New Jersey, and West Virginia—state FEPC bills were introduced by Negro members of the legislature. In almost every state they have been indorsed by Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and Negro leaders, by state A. F. of L. and C. I. O. unions, and by influential civic organizations.

The absence of a central organizing source is revealed in the multiplicity of bills. In Massachusetts seven different bills have been introduced; in Pennsylvania, five; in Rhode Island, five; in Connecticut, New Jersey, and Ohio, three each. The resultant confusion has threatened to block action. In Massachusetts, however, the various sponsoring groups have withdrawn their competing measures and joined in supporting a new bill modeled upon the New York law. In Pennsylvania the most dramatic feature of the recent legislative hearing was the public withdrawal of three of the bills by their legislative sponsors in favor of the Brown bill.

Except in New York, all the bills started off inauspiciously. Only one governor, Dewey of New York, urged such legislation in his annual message. Governor Warren of California in his report to the legislature merely suggested the creation of a commission to investigate the necessity for an anti-discrimination law. Governor Lausche of Ohio asked for a non-salaried committee without coercive powers to develop an anti-discrimination program. The other governors were silent.

But after New York showed the way, interest in the bills revived among its neighbors, and hearings before legislative committees were held in nine states. A tremendous backing for these hearings developed, and anti-discrimination bills became top legislative business. Soon Governors Tobin of Massachusetts, Edge of New Jersey, and Martin of Pennsylvania were indorsing them.

Besides New York, Indiana has already enacted an anti-discrimination statute. But while the New York law has enforcement powers, the Indiana law limits the State Commissioner of Labor to the investigation and study of discrimination in employment and to recommending remedial legislation. Only $30,000 has been appropriated for the next two years for the Commissioner's investigations. The Indiana measure, with its emphasis upon persuasion, education, publicity, and other non-coercive techniques, follows closely the Taft bill (S. 459) now pending in the United States Senate.

Anti-discrimination bills fall into two general categories —those creating a state Fair Employment Practice Commission and those which confer additional powers upon an existing state agency. Most of the proposed commissions are to consist of five full-time salaried members, although some

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bills provide only for a full-time chairman, with other members paid on a *per diem* basis. Where no separate agency is created, the new duties are imposed upon the state Commissioner of Labor, the state Industrial Commissioner, the state Labor Relations Board, or the state Commissioner of Education.

With few exceptions the various bills forbid discrimination in employment and union membership because of race, color, creed, national origin, or ancestry. Some are applicable, in addition, to employment agencies and agencies of state government. Generally the bills prohibit not only unequal treatment in hire, discharge, promotion, wages, or any other condition of employment but also discriminatory help-wanted "ads" or employment application forms. Unions are forbidden to deny full membership rights or otherwise to discriminate against any member. Many state bills copy the New York law in forbidding any person to coerce an employer into violating the law or to aid in its violation.

The enforcement procedure, substantially the same in most of the bills, is based upon the National Labor Relations Act. Provision is made for the filing of charges, their investigation and screening, with a public hearing for those which seem valid but cannot be adjusted by informal methods. The state agency is empowered after such hearing to make findings of fact and to issue cease-and-desist orders whenever it finds a violation. Such orders may enjoin future violations and also direct affirmative relief, such as back pay for those discriminated against, reinstatement, or even hiring. These administrative orders are enforceable by the state courts, violation of whose decrees is made a contempt of court. Some bills also provide an alternative criminal penalty.

Most of the bills follow the New York law in exempting employers of five persons or fewer, and social, fraternal, charitable, educational, and religious associations; some exclude, in addition, small farmers.

Noteworthy is the emphasis placed in many of these bills on educational programs as a complement to prosecution. The New York law empowers the Commission Against Discrimination to create an advisory agency to prepare an educational program which may be recommended to the appropriate state agency. Many of the other bills direct the commission itself, in cooperation with appropriate state authorities, to adopt an educational program to teach racial tolerance. The Brown bill in Pennsylvania even empowers the state commission to accept private contributions of money for this purpose.

Segregation either in employment or in union membership is specifically forbidden in many of the bills. Thus the Conroy bill in Connecticut declares that "segregation shall be deemed to be discrimination." The California bill prohibits unions from providing "second-class or segregated membership," and the Illinois bill outlaws "auxiliary unions based solely upon race, color, religion, national origin, or ancestry." A similar provision was contained in the Kansas bill.

Advanced thinking is exhibited in the provisions for judicial review of the orders of the proposed state commissions. Most of the bills adopt the federal "substantial-evidence" rule—namely, that the findings of the regulatory commission as to the facts are to be conclusive with the reviewing courts if supported by substantial evidence. One variant is the administration-backed bill in New Jersey, which makes the findings conclusive unless "it clearly appears that there was no evidence . . . to support the same reasonably." The rival Howell bill in New Jersey goes even farther, making the findings of fact conclusive "in the absence of fraud." The Wrenn bill in Rhode Island makes the orders of the commission final unless the respondent appeals.

No state law can of course be effective without an adequate appropriation. In New York it is reported that $250,000 will be allocated to the new Commission Against Discrimination. The bills in other states are much less generous, providing appropriations of $100,000 in Illinois and Ohio, $50,000 in New Jersey, $25,000 in Rhode Island, and only $10,000 in Wisconsin.

In only one Southern state, Texas, has an anti-discrimination bill been introduced, and there the protection of the measure was in effect limited to persons of Mexican or Latin American origin. The employment provisions of the bill were struck out in committee, leaving only those sections forbidding discrimination against customers in places of public accommodation. Bills in the border states of Maryland, Kansas, and West Virginia have been killed.

In the state of Washington a bill was passed in the House and killed in the Senate. In California the bill was reported adversely in committee by a close vote, but a movement has developed to bring it out on the floor. Bills have been introduced in Colorado, New Mexico, and Minnesota, in addition to the states already named.

Organized opposition has been confined to chambers of commerce and employer associations. These bodies, while advocating the ideal of equality of opportunity, have urged a preliminary state-wide referendum, or that no action be taken until the New York law has been tried out, or that a legislative commission be created to study the problem, or that state action is unnecessary because of the imminence of federal legislation.

Proponents have steadfastly resisted all dilatory tactics. They have contended that federal legislation is by no means certain and in any event will be limited to matters affecting interstate commerce. They have also pointed to the example of the New York legislature, which after adopting the Ives-Quinn law, memorialized Congress to enact a federal law. Whenever it has been urged that prejudice could not be wiped out by legislation, anti-bias groups have retorted that they were attacking not prejudice, which is an attitude of mind, but discrimination, which affects pay envelopes. The advocates of State FEPC's are fighting hard, for most legislatures will recess shortly, not to reconvene until the next biennial session in January, 1947. They realize that the outlook for legislative intervention against discriminatory employment practices is better now than ever before, and they are urging swift, concerted action.

In Congress the Norton bill, reported favorably by the House Committee on Labor, is waiting for a special order of business from the Rules Committee which will bring the bill up for debate in the House. Senate hearings have been completed on the Chavez bill, sponsored by a bi-partisan group of seven Senators, with not one witness testifying in opposition.

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Italy's Children

BY GENE REA

Naples, March 1

TOMORROW'S Europe will be built by the children of today. And the conditions under which children are now living in the devastated countries of this war-torn continent do not augur a too happy future. The war has done a thorough job of disrupting civilian life; the children have been its most tragic victims.

In Italy hundreds of thousands of children were caught in the backwash of war. You see them wandering about everywhere, on the roads and in the cities and the fields. The Italian government has attempted to register them, and the Allied Military Government, the Control Commission, and the Vatican have also tried to do something about them, but not much has been accomplished. Many children eluded the police, liking to go their own way rather than to be confined to an institution. Others joined bands of adults, often not of their own families, and traveled with them. Hundreds of youngsters were "adopted" by our soldiers as mascots and went to the front with them. As a result only about 50,000 children were rounded up by the church and the Italian government and placed in orphanages, though it is estimated that there are 300,000 whose parents were killed in the war or cannot be found.

Two boys recently wandered into Ponte Corvo, a town where formerly twelve thousand persons lived, now razed to the ground. They were perhaps eight and ten years old, mere skeletons and shivering in their rags. A nun who saw them took them to the Institute of Child Care and started an inquiry to find their people. No one knew them, and they remembered nothing of their home. The doctor who examined them said they had probably been wandering for months. Their minds were a blank. There are literally tens of thousands of such cases in Italy today.

Even the orphanages are so short of supplies that the children more often than not have no shoes to wear, few clothes, and hardly decent sleeping quarters. One orphanage in the Rome area now taking care of sixty-nine children uses beds made of burlap bags stuffed with straw from the fields. Blankets are patched pieces of old cloth. For breakfast the children have warm water flavored with a small quantity of milk or tea and a very thin slice of bread brought to them by the nuns or Red Cross sisters. They remain in bed until ten and then are given some elementary school lessons. Lunch is frequently skipped, and dinner consists of a mixed soup and another thin slice of bread. Then the children are put to bed again.

Orphanages in the Abruzzi area, in the Neapolitan campagna, and in other outlying districts are worse off than those with easier access to the main terminals. But though physical conditions are bad, the children intrusted to the care of nuns or the Red Cross benefit from some kind of discipline and have a feeling of home.

The school system has not been functioning for four years. Children who should have started their education at six or seven years haven't seen a book at ten. If they are not orphans, their parents are destitute; and the children have become beggars, thieves, shoe-shine boys, or procurers. Girls as well as boys start smoking when they are about seven or eight years old.

Late one evening a social worker noticed three ten-year-old girls, made up with lipstick and rouge, brazenly asking soldiers for cigarettes along Rome's Via Vittorio Veneto. She spoke to one and tried to find out whether she had any parents and what she was doing on the streets at such a late hour. The girl puffed smoke into the woman's face, told her to mind her own business, and asked her if she wanted a date with an American soldier. Her companions laughed, and the woman had to walk on.

Of all Italian cities Naples has seen the greatest rise in juvenile delinquency. When the Allies began using it as their main operating base, the children started a crime wave that has still to be checked. They have become the most skilful pickpockets in the world. Hundreds of cases are reported daily to the police, and thousands of others go unreported. They brush against you, apparently with their hands in their pockets, ask for a cigarette of a caramella, and then disappear. When you look for your wallet, it is gone. At street corners where trucks and other vehicles must stop for traffic, one or two of them will attract the attention of the driver, while the others ransack the truck. Tires have been taken from cars while the occupants sat nonchalantly in their seats.

When law and order are once more established in Italy, this crime wave can probably be controlled, but law and order will not be able to rebuild the starved bodies of these youngsters or eradicate the germs in their blood streams. Malaria, tuberculosis, and typhus are spreading havoc in their weakened bodies, despite the heroic efforts of the Allied medical corps, aided by the Vatican and the Italian government, whose health measures are unfortunately entirely inadequate. In the Liri Valley, which has a population of about half a million, malaria used to be almost unknown; 75 per cent of the people are now suffering from it. A blood test of two thousand children showed malaria in 99 per cent. An emergency distribution of atabrine tablets by the Allies lowered the number of deaths but could not reduce the incidence of the infection.

The highest death rate for children under one year of age throughout Italy was recorded in Naples. Allied official figures differ from those of the Italians. The Allies give the rate as 45 per cent; the Italians as 65 per cent. The main causes of death were malnutrition, tuberculosis, and pneumonia.

With transportation virtually at a standstill, the smaller communities can get almost no medical supplies, whatever the emergency. Few of them have hospitals. When hospitals

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exist, most of the equipment is gone and there is no heat. In Rome, which is comparatively untouched by the war, there are hospitals where, when a patient dies, another patient is put in the same bed five minutes later, without the sheets being changed or the bed disinfected.

Doctors have been advised to care for the children first because the future of the nation depends on them. But there is a terrible dearth of doctors in Italy, as in every war-devastated country of Europe. Some communes are lucky to have a doctor living thirty or forty miles away. There may be only one doctor for ten or twenty thousand people, spread over a wide area. As a result, children and adults go without proper examinations and medical care.

In the Liri Valley and northward, where the war raged in all its fury, human beings live like animals. In the fall children go through the fields trying to dig up a few vegetable roots that have been left in the soil. Or they pick up the chestnuts and walnuts and bring them home to live on during the winter months. In the spring and summer they work in the fields from dawn to sundown. Many of them, less cautious than their elders, are blown to bits by unexploded mines.

Attempts have been made to reopen the schools. But a trip through Italy shows that only a small percentage of them are able to function, and that in these only a handful of children attend classes. The schools have no heat, few books, and inefficient teachers. The children lack shoes and clothes and have been made dull and listless by malnutrition and disease. Their impoverished parents are unable to buy the necessary school materials. Moreover, youngsters who were ten or eleven years old when the war started have "grown out" of being school children. They consider themselves young men and women. Those who are ten or eleven now are reluctant to start learning the same lessons as children four years younger. Many who are mere children in years are in reality men and women, with the full responsibilities of adults. They seek their own food and shelter and are often the main support of aged or destitute parents.

It will take more than a generation to rebuild Italy. It will take decades to reduce the death rate to normal and to wipe out the contagious diseases. If Italy must depend on itself alone to rehabilitate its people, several generations will be lost. The children of Italy look to the outside world for help—to America especially. The world cannot allow the children of Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, France, Belgium, the Low Countries, and all Central Europe to become a lost generation. We have spent billions of dollars on destruction; we must spend other billions on rehabilitation. If we allow the children of Europe to grow up in the conditions now prevailing, their sufferings will breed hatred and war.

Pan-Arabia Deserta

BY HAL LEHRMAN

Cairo, March 24

MUSSA EL ALAMI, delegate from Palestine, just stroked his mustache and listened to the guttural Arabic oratory as the microphones halted here and there around the green-baize table. When the ceremonial signing began, nobody handed him a pen. They had tucked his business away in a little protocol behind the twenty-two articles of the covenant of the Pan-Arab League. But that protocol was the hottest page of the document, and Mussa was the real star of the show. For last Thursday, when the ink had dried on the signatures of Egypt, Iraq, Trans-Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and Lebanon, under the brilliant candelabra of Cairo's Zaafaran Palace, Palestine stood acclaimed as juridically independent in the eyes of thirty million Arabs. Palestine might still be termed a mandate on the dusty ledgers of Geneva, but here it was an Arab state amid Arab equals. Henceforth the delegate of Arab Palestine would sit in the inner councils of the new-born union and speak with full authority for the Holy Land, all of it.

That is the real meaning of the protocol. Discarding legalistic wording, it is a bold stroke in a document which is generally hedging. The next move is up to the other powers, London and Washington particularly. Allah has spoken.

It is significant that among the delegates who made speeches about the majesty of Arab unity, Nuri Said, the former Premier of Iraq, was nowhere to be seen. Long before even the preliminary pan-Arab talks in Alexandria last fall, Nuri Said had gone into the desert barnstorming for a vast Arab union in which "Greater Syria" would speak with a single voice for Arab Palestine, Trans-Jordan, Syria, and the Lebanon. This had been the Syria as it existed under the Ottomans, Nuri contended; it should be united again and allied in strength with the Hashimite throne of Bagdad.

Benignly approved in Commons by Anthony Eden, the idea of unity gained ground. But there were obstacles. First the tiny Christian Lebanon, fearful of disappearing in a Moslem sea, threatened to walk out of the preliminary talks last October. A clause in the Alexandria protocols thereupon specifically guaranteed the Lebanon's territorial integrity. Much more important, in distant central Arabia sat mighty Ibn Saud. The Hashimites, whom he had driven with his own hand out of the Hedjaz, still reigned in Iraq and Trans-Jordan. Certainly he was not going to abet the aggrandizement of an enemy house. Not until three months after everybody else had done so, and after many solemn assurances, did Saudi Arabia and its satellite Yemen accept the Alexandria protocols. Out of these protocols, after a long series of meetings, drafts, and redrafts, came this week's pan-Arab constitution. It does not provide for anything so substantial as a Greater Syria. To be sure, the idea is not dead; in fact, rumors say that Nuri Said will head the next Iraqi Cabinet. But for the moment the urge for unity, real

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as it undoubtedly is, is not great enough to overcome the inter-Arab rivalries—religious, political, and dynastic—that stand in the way.

Various high personages confessed to me that the key to the document was a compromise. Ambitions and fears alike had to be quenched until a minimum accord could be reached. In its political structure the pact is as weak a vehicle for militant action as can be imagined. It can be modified by a two-thirds' vote, but any member who doesn't like the change can depart forthwith. Action against aggression must have unanimous approval. War between members is forbidden, and an arbitral decision must be accepted, but search high and low and you will not find a whisper of sanctions, their definition or their enforcement.

Neither does the pan-Arab constitution establish the principle of a common foreign policy or even of a common front against imperialism. The covenant carefully states that although a separate pact may be concluded among the members, no pact, present or future, with an outside power can bind the other members. It is quiet recognition that Saudi Arabia is flirting with the Americans; that Egypt, Iraq, and Trans-Jordan are trying to get rid of their obligations to one foreign power and the Lebanon and Syria to another. Each will do its own dickering.

Nevertheless, the Pan-Arab League can hardly be dismissed with a shrug. Its economic and social potentials are undoubtedly big. Our Anglo-American Middle East Supply Center did an excellent job out here inspirationally as well as tangibly. Collaboration among previously uncooperative governments under the guidance of the League Commission now has a model and an organism.

Students and critics of imperialism might well look into the reasons for Britain's apparent insouciance in the face of a growing menace. Of course one's research is limited, since the amiable higher authorities here have the final word and scissors on the subject. But if it is permissible to conjecture —hard facts are perhaps beyond reach because they are concealed in the inner thoughts of persons far away—there emerge certain basic hypotheses.

The first theory is that the powers are not encouraging the Pan-Arab League at all but are working frantically under cover to stymie it. That does not jibe with all the evidence at hand to the contrary. Others say the whole deal is a plot to sabotage Zionism by making it impossible to reach any solution in Palestine except one favorable to the Arabs. That may be, but it would seem to be risking an enormous amount of pain for a minor pleasure. The third school—and here we begin to approach something resembling sound politics—suggests that Britain is making the most of a trend which it would be more dangerous to obstruct than to encourage. According to this reasoning, the Foreign Office has long since decided that the good old days of divide and rule are past. Opposition to Arab union would stimulate it more than mild support. So we will unite and rule, or at least try to, making the best of a poor bargain. The corollary to this is that a strong pan-Arab bloc would discipline itself, pushing recalcitrant member states into line without the need for thankless British intervention.

But there is still another hypothesis, one favored by the cynical set. It goes much farther than the last, which it dismisses as wishy-washy and very un-Whitehall. It argues that Britain is heart and soul behind Arab unity, desperately behind it—in a table-stakes game to save its position in the Middle East between Russia and the United States. The Arab world disunited might be easily picked off piece by piece by the Soviets or bought out in a similar fashion by the Americans. The latter fate, it is true, holds no special terrors for the local Arab magnates now in power, but the other possibility would be a catastrophe for them. And neither prospect looks attractive to Britain.

In the Wind

AN AMG MAN IN AACHEN, questioning civilians about their political beliefs, was assured that they were unanimously anti-Nazi and always had been. "That's strange," he said. "I thought the Nazis had quite a bit of popular support." "Nonsense!" replied the German spokesman. "That's just pluto-democratic Jewish propaganda."

THE MARYLAND HOUSE OF DELEGATES has passed a bill making it illegal to use obscene language over the telephone or to use the telephone for the purpose of making immoral engagements. The bill doesn't say how it is to be enforced.

WANT AD IN the Minneapolis *Tribune* of March 22: "Do you want to contribute to the health and happiness of those who eat downtown? If so, apply for a job in the dishwashing room at Richard's Treat."

A DETROIT REAL-ESTATE FIRM, Homer Warren and Company, ran the following advertisement in Detroit newspapers of March 23: "There's a war on. The last war in your lifetime. Last opportunity to pick up good income property at a price to double your money in the coming post-war boom. Get all the facts and figures from Mr. Bedford."

IN AN EDITORIAL whining about the OPA, the Marshalltown, Iowa, *Times-Republican* of March 27 summed up its argument thus: "One wonders where the salvaged tin to win the war is coming from if the point system makes the purchase of canned goods almost prohibitive."

THE LEGISLATURE OF SASKATCHEWAN has advanced to the second reading a bill amending the Vital Statistics Act to end the practice of putting the word "illegitimate" on the birth certificates of children born out of wedlock.

THE HOLLYWOOD *REPORTER* of March 13 announces that plans have been approved for a post-war theater in Palm Springs, California, which will contain five hundred rocking chairs with head rests. What, no hot towels?

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. We will pay $1 for each item accepted.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Censors in the Saddle

BY ERIC SEVAREID

AMONG the miserable legacies this war will leave in many parts of the world is a system of censorship which has become such an intricate, cunning mechanism, such a deeply ingrained habit of the official mind that free journalists are now confronted with the most exhausting obstacle course the profession has known in decades.

At the moment Kent Cooper, Harold Stassen, Archibald MacLeish, and others are trying to persuade the world's statesmen to build into the future international edifice a corner stone labeled "guaranty of a free press and free communication of news between nations." I do not believe I am unduly impressed with the importance of my own profession if I say that unless this stone is placed in the foundations, the whole structure may crumble. In the last two or three years I have seen, at close range, overweening censorship become the direct cause of serious breakdowns in people's trust in their leaders and in trust between nations. In the brief space here available let me take you on a short tour of the international obstacle course. I will leave out actual army censorship, despite the fantastically wide interpretations of "military security" made by so many uniformed censors and despite the many sycophantic public-relations officers surrounding individual generals who make it so hard for honest reporters—obliged to live with them and procure food, lodging, and transport from them—to tell a realistic story of the generals, their outfits, and the fighting itself.

At the time Madame Chiang Kai-shek was mesmerizing the American Congress and public I went to China at the behest, in part, of some important gentlemen in Washington who said, "For heaven's sake try to tell the public the true story of China at war. Unless we can get the truth out, bit by bit, there's bound to come a great shock to the public; they will feel bitter; they will feel they have been lied to, and that will make it much harder to help organize China for the coming war on its soil."

I stopped off in New Delhi on the way. British and American military censors would pass no copy describing the amazing social life that went on in this headquarters town—"because we would be criticized." Full reporting of India's political problem was out of the question. To try it meant distressing personal quarrels with petulant civil officials who fumed and bridled over every line of one's copy. I found they took their politics very personally in India. One Brigadier Jehu, the press chief, since sacked by Mountbatten, saw that no invitations to press conferences or cocktail parties went out to pro-Nehru correspondents. American military offices turned over to the British all American dispatches which dealt with British or Indian affairs in any degree. The American public has lost all interest in the affairs of India—which is what officialdom was aiming for—partly because nobody has been able to tell the whole truth about India.

I knew from my experience in London that the people of the British Isles had always had a generous, full account of America's part in the war. In India, however, it was deliberately played down. American victories became "Allied" victories in the headlines, and events such as a Harlem race riot received top billing. Reuter's enjoyed a virtual monopoly as the news service for India, and the situation was so bad that Elmer Davis, I am told, finally had to protest to Halifax. I'm talking only about British India, mind you, not about Britain. The London censorship has always been as fair and free as any in the world. And in all fairness, I must add that the purely military censorship in India, since Mountbatten's arrival, is vastly improved.

Then I discovered that the hand of the New Delhi censor was on my shoulder even after leaving India. By arrangement with the American military in Chungking any copy by any American reporter which dealt with far-off India had to be given to British officers in Chungking for approval. If you went back to New Delhi and wrote about China, your stuff had to be passed by the Chinese commissioner there.

I hardly need tell you that the Chinese censorship in Chungking is quite ruthless. Most of our people, including Ambassador Gauss and General Stilwell, were desperately anxious to have the truth of their heartbreaking problems told the public at home. But not even they could beat the system. A surprise to me, however, was the list of "censorship topics" concocted by Colonel Mason Wright, the P. R. O., and Lieutenant Colonel "Young Joe" Stilwell, and presented to all war correspondents upon arrival in Chungking. It included "anything tending to embarrass us in the sight of our allies"—a standard monstrosity in many war theaters—and, so help me, "anything critical of War Department policy." In so many words.

I returned to Washington feeling that there at least I could get my articles passed. I stopped in Cairo and discovered the neat little system of interlocking agreements between governments working without a hitch. Whether you wrote about Egypt or Yugoslavia or Greece or Syria, your material would be passed around to all the interested officials for everyone to get in his whack with the blue pencil. Naturally the full story about the "mutiny" of left-wing Greek soldiers in Egypt did not get out. The detailed story of British plans for Greece was not related, day by day, step by step, during that period; so of course the world was confused and bewildered when the lid blew off in Athens last fall. General Wilson, despite Kent Cooper's protest, refused for a long time to let reporters visit Yugoslavia; so of course the world was surprised at the disappearance of Mihailovich and the emergence of Tito as the dominant figure.

In Washington I presented for censorship a long, carefully documented account of China at war, written, I thought, with full sympathy for a nation I much admired. The War Department refused to pass it. I spent two weeks pulling

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wires, among Senators, officers, and State Department people. For despite Mr. Hull's previous protestations that his department imposed no political censorship, it had, while I was in the East, specifically requested the Pentagon people to deliver up to it any dispatches by returning war correspondents which dealt with China. I went to Mike McDermott, the department press chief, and said, "Look, some day there is likely to be a big military setback in China, a blow-up, and if that happens, the War Department is going to let you down and in its own interest reveal the true war picture in China." He thought I was right, but nothing resulted. Many of the Far Eastern Division's staff agreed that the article should be printed, in the public interest. Dr. Stanley Hornbeck, who had not seen China for many years, was against letting out the truth. So was Joseph Ballantine, who put the second stop on my piece. Eventually I had the promise of an Assistant Secretary of War that he would urge Stimson to pass the story, the promise of two influential friends that they would intervene with Stettinius. So I sailed for the Mediterranean again, confident that the story would be passed. It was—so mutilated by the censors it was unfit for print.

You know what happened in China later: the sudden serious loss of our eastern air bases to the Japanese army; the Stilwell affair, which with unnecessary crudeness smashed public illusions about China, turning uncritical affection into exaggerated contempt—exactly what we had tried to prevent. (I don't mean my article alone would have prevented this, but I think it would have helped.)

The list of censorship atrocities on the grand scale is long and is getting longer. The murder of Lord Moyne in Cairo was a political murder. Yet the Cairo censors refused to let correspondents reproduce the courtroom speeches of the two defendants, dismissing them as "mere political bombast," of no interest to the world. If Cairo is the bad spot it so obviously is, no one can put all the blame on the British. Last summer, the American commander there, General Giles, called in the correspondents. His comments went about like this: "My military censors are going to examine everything you write about this theater, whether it concerns politics or anything else. There will be nothing critical of this theater sent out of here by you gentlemen. If any of you thinks he may be inclined to write anything critical, he may as well leave now. And don't go complaining to the War Department. I don't intend to have any interference in my theater." One or two of the stunned reporters tried to send private cables to their home offices explaining their position. The cables were stopped. They tried to explain it in air-mail letters. The letters were sequestered.

Readers of *The Nation* know what happened in Greece last fall: how the British government fought down the flood tide of protest in England—and America—by the now standardized twin processes of restricting the freedom of reporters on the spot to visit the "wrong" people and at the same time issuing as news carefully selected items from official sources. Much earlier, in August, Churchill ordered the B. B. C. Overseas Service to eliminate "any credit of any kind" to the E. L. A. S. or the E. A. M. The London liberal press, to its eternal credit, exposed the whole bag of tricks.

Eventually the truth gets out, but its late arrival always produces these shocks to the public conscience, these terrible strains to the frail web of international cooperation. There are more dangers now on the horizon. The Allies are going to occupy Germany. What they do in their respective spheres will indicate to the world whether they have in fact agreed on a policy for Germany; whether they intend actually to clean out the fascists or just to sweep them under the rug as they almost got away with doing in Italy. It will furnish a host of vital portents for future peace or future war. Yet at this writing the Allies have not, separately or collectively, given public assurance that there will be no political censorship on Allied correspondents during the occupation period. The American officials are themselves wrangling over the question, though, in all morality, there should not be a moment's doubt about it.

Perhaps the greatest threat to international harmony at present comes from Russian-occupied Poland. Surely, the peace structure can never be stable unless there is full confidence between Russia and the Western democracies. We have made a fair start. We are taking the Russians at their word. But no democratic people will rest content with that. They want proof—proof from eyewitnesses they trust—that the words of Yalta on free elections for Poland, the integrity of Poland, mean to the Russians precisely what they mean to the rest of us. Up to the present there has been no indication that the Russians intend to allow free journalists to work in Poland. Indeed, the public is shocked to learn that the question of free inquiry and free reporting in transitional Poland was not even discussed at Yalta.

No matter how elaborate the international

Drawing by Rivero Gil

A Guest from Spain

PEACE: Do you think you are one of the Big Ones? Or do you want to eat at all the tables?

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structure, distrust will eat away its foundations unless every member of the timid new family of nations rests easy in the knowledge that he knows exactly what the others are doing, at home and in the lands they dominate. Ignorance breeds prejudice and distrust. From distrust comes fear, and from fear, in the modern world, nothing can come save war.

The Argentines Speak Up

ALTHOUGH the Argentine regime's maneuvers may fool some officials abroad, the Argentine people refuse to be taken in. *Pueblo Argentino,* published by a group of distinguished Argentine exiles in Montevideo, carries an important document in its March 10 issue. It is the text of a public statement signed by two thousand members of the Unión Civica Radical (U. C. R.), which was Argentina's most powerful political party before political parties were dissolved. The statement runs in part as follows:

> We do not wish that the silence imposed on us by the suppression of freedom of speech and of association be interpreted as acquiescence in actions and situations that contradict the letter and spirit of republican institutions. . . . According to its leaders, the revolution of June 4, 1943, was to have as one of its major objectives the restoration of constitutional liberties. . . . More than a year later public opinion views with growing alarm the inauguration of a political system foreign to the national spirit, the destruction of individual guaranties, and the dominant influence of a minority whose ideologies are contrary to the democratic sentiment of the Argentine people. As members of the U. C. R. we consider it our duty to express our determination to promote the true functioning of the constitution, for whose restoration all Argentines are eager —all Argentines who wish right to prevail over force in their country and who know that this cannot be accomplished so long as a special class rules the common destiny. With patriotic fervor we dedicate ourselves as citizens to the task of recovering the sovereignty of the people and government by law. . . .

The U. C. R. was made up of moderately liberal elements and always favored a middle-of-the-road course. Many of the men who signed this statement hold or have held important government posts. Although their declaration may appear over-cautious, it must be remembered that it represents the point of view of neither the left nor the liberals but rather of enlightened conservatives. It is particularly interesting for that reason, and also because the regime has previously claimed U. C. R. support and would like to be able to do so now when Argentina is seeking to enter the fold of the United Nations.

Organized Latin American labor has expressed strong objections to the presence of Argentina at the San Francisco meeting. Criticizing the policy of appeasement toward the Farrell-Perón government adopted at the last moment by the Inter-American Conference at Mexico City, the president of the Latin American Federation of Labor (C. T. A. L.), Vicente Lombardo Toledano, has declared that "Latin American labor deeply deplores the invitation which the conference decided to send to the fascist Argentine government. This offer will tend not only to incorporate the fascist Argentine regime into the pan-American bloc but to allow its entry into the United Nations." The Argentina resolution, the Mexican labor leader continued, "made a most painful impression on Latin American labor. . . . It is a grave violation of the Atlantic Charter, the United Nations declaration, the decisions of Teheran and Yalta, and even of the bulk of the resolutions approved at the Inter-American Conference itself. It is in direct contradiction to the foreign policy of the great majority of American countries, especially to the foreign policy pursued by Mexico and the United States."

Russian Realism

A RECENT broadcast by the Kossuth radio, reported to the OWI by FCC monitors, offered land to Hungarian soldiers leaving the Szalasi forces to join the Hungarian National Army. The broadcast announced: "Hungarian soldiers in Szalasi's armies, any further struggle on your part is hopeless. Do you want land? If you do, you can have it. By turning against Szalasi and his German masters you can share in the benefits of the land reform. If you leave the traitor Szalasi and hide in villages or come over to the territory of liberated Hungary, you will receive a fifteen-*yoke* estate (approximately twenty acres). If you come over to the Red Army arms in hand, in order to fight against the Germans in the ranks of the new Hungarian National Army, you will receive a twenty-five-*yoke* estate."

This kind of Russian political warfare is based on the realistic assumption that a peasant will not forget who it was that gave him land. On March 17, two months after the armistice was signed, the provisional Hungarian government announced a sweeping land reform. Every vestige of Hungary's feudal land system is to be eliminated. All estates of more than about 140 acres are to be expropriated and distributed in 20-to-35-acre parcels, first to the armed forces and the landless peasants. All land belonging to "traitors, Szalasi followers, Nazis, other fascist leaders, members of the Volksbund, war criminals, and enemies of the people" is to be confiscated.

The *Herald Tribune* of April 3 reports a Russian radio broadcast of a statement by the Soviet-appointed mayor of the German town of Landsberg on the Warthe. A former member of the German labor movement who had been arrested twice by the Nazis for his political views, the new mayor, Paul Schulz by name, urged all Germans to "follow our example and liberate yourselves from Hitler." He described the aid given by the Russians in rehabilitating the captured town. Under Soviet direction, he said, the waterworks had been repaired and factories reopened to supply the 25,000 inhabitants. "Fifteen bakeries are working for the benefit of the population. New household and bread-ration cards have been issued. The labor office, the housing office, and an office for the care of refugees are busy promoting reconstruction work. Streets have been cleared up. A hospital, two maternity wards, and a children's home have been established." The military commandant of the town, Schulz emphasized, was helping the population in every way.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

Washington, April 2

THESE ARE NOTES by another way. The contrast between perpendicular, "longitudinal" New York and widespreading Washington is constant. It was greatly intensified by the experience of being plunged from March into May within four hours. Washington has had a runaway season. The cherry blossoms in the Tidal Basin fell a week ago, and government people are already wilting a bit at the prospect of a summer six months long. A case for once of too early and too much. But for the moment city and countryside are enveloped in an untarnished radiance of new green infused with the white of dogwood, the pink white of flowering crab, the lilac of lilac, and the Mexican magenta of the Judas tree. Indeed, the white light, the tropical but as yet unheavy heat, the flowers, and even the showers increase the superficial resemblances between Washington and Mexico City.

I think Washington must always seem a little foreign anyway, even to us natives, if only because it is so specialized: it is government made manifest and all pervading in massive tangible stone. And whatever the Republicans say, as a people we are not yet conscious, from moment to moment, of government.

Somewhere behind the screen of pastel smokes is an unfinished war and an unconstructed peace. But it is very hard to keep one's mind on such things in the face of nature's parti-colored propaganda, which is based on the pathetic fallacy in reverse.

There is capitol architecture—and capital language. Conversations in this town are bewilderingly profuse in capital letters strung together. I wouldn't be surprised if a seasoned government employee could get through a whole evening without once reverting to the lower case. If you don't know the difference between a CAF-3 and a P-8 (I may have them wrong) you have yet to learn the ABC's—which probably stand for some Agency having to do with Civilians. There's jargon too, of course. The other day a person reporting for a new job was told that she was entitled to a semi-executive desk.

It's just as well to be reminded now and again, however, that bureaucracy is not peculiar to government. Business and industry and education have known it a long time. Nor is the term synonymous with inefficiency. Yet I expect the feeling is still widespread that the only people who work for government are those who can't make their way, that is, money, alone. I recall the scorn with which an old-timer in the West referred to the head of a state institution. "Why," she said, "he's nothing but a public servant."

On the basis of a few days' experience of seeing and trying to see some of the new people in Congress, I must conclude that this category of public servants has plenty to do. A conscientious member of Congress who is on five committees cannot be said to be idling away his time and our money, though he would be more efficient if he had more help, expert help, of the sort he can't possibly afford. A staff member of Time, Inc., gets a much better break.

I don't mean to imply that what they say about Congress isn't true. A body of 435 people elected by that many communities on the basis of appeals as diverse as a flair for oratory, noiseless machine support, and a genuine political program is bound to include a large number of time wasters, exhibitionists, barbarians, reactionaries, and buffoons. It's easy to be cynical about representative government—until one considers the alternative. In the proper perspective, the annoying day-by-day inefficiency of Congress seems far preferable to the awful "efficiency" of dictatorship.

A bill has been introduced to make the proceedings of the Senate and House available for broadcasting. One's first reaction is to be bored in advance—but the people of the Tennessee Valley, for instance, would not be bored by the debate on a bill to hamstring TVA. It's quite possible that the level of House and Senate debate might be raised if it were subject to the constant scrutiny of public opinion. I hadn't known that in New Zealand one may listen to one's legislature from 2:30 to 11 each day of the sessions and that it's a very popular "program."

One of the tests of a successful trip to Washington is the number of unverifiable rumors one brings back. My repertory is rather slim, I'm afraid, but some of them seem worth noting. The McCormicks and the Pews and others of that "socially conscious" stripe are said to be renting villas in the environs of San Francisco and planning to entertain lavishly when the international set arrives. . . . It is reported that every important newspaperman in Washington has been asked—and has refused—to handle publicity, at a large salary, for the big new Republican National Committee. . . . The Marine Corps is conceded to have the most efficient press agents. There are also, the resentful comment goes, soldiers and sailors in the South Pacific. The stories of Okinawa would indicate that they too now have landed and have the situation in hand.

P. S.: But the New York *Times* of April 3 sports a photograph captioned: Okinawa: The Marines Have Landed.

So much for gossip. I can testify personally, on the other hand, that there is a fine crop of chives on the Capitol grounds.

A LETTER FROM LINCOLN KIRSTEIN adds further information on Jean Bruller (Vercors), who seems to have become a habitué of this column.

"I was shocked," writes Mr. Kirstein, "by how much I differ with you on Vercors," and then he continues:

> In 1940 Bruller was with his regiment in the Vercors district (between Isere and Durance). When he was demobilized after the armistice of June 22 he went to

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his native town in Brie province, and worked as a carpenter and cabinet-maker. He started to write in 1940-41, composing a couple of pages an evening, with difficulty.

In 1941 Jacques Decour and the writer Politzer founded the clandestine review *Pensee Libre*—they were both subsequently shot. They asked the writer Pierre Delescure to find them a collaborator. (I mean aid. How these words get worn out!) Delescure was a friend of Bruller's, and an admirer of the work he had seen him do, and hence recommended him. Bruller wrote "The Silence of the Sea" on order for them. The proofs of the *Pensee Libre* were seized by the Gestapo. The review was silenced; so Bruller published the book himself in small format and from it sprang the Editions de Minuit. He is now in Paris, but is about to return to his village in Brie. He is, I think, a serious writer and has to be read in French.

Writers of Brazil

BRAZILIAN LITERATURE. By Erico Veríssimo. The Macmillan Company. $2.

ERICO VERISSIMO disarms his critics at the outset by describing his book as a "very sketchy history of Brazilian literature, and undoubtedly a defective one." Such is the sincerity of the chapters which follow that one is bound to see in these words something more substantial than the coy gesture of a writer who lacks the experience of a literary historian. We have here the case of the most popular living novelist of a country describing informally the development of letters and thought in his native land. Mr. Veríssimo accomplishes his task in an engaging, unruffled manner, without making exaggerated claims for the significance of Brazilian literature and yet presenting its growth in such a way as to dispose the reader toward examining some of the landmarks for himself. Since this has evidently been his primary purpose in preparing the twelve lectures which now appear in book form, one can only regret that he did not spend more time on those essential figures and works which give Brazilian literature its peculiar character, and less on the seemingly endless enumeration of books and authors which cannot possibly mean anything to the reader who has only a conventional sentence or two to identify them. Too often one suspects the author's concern to be that he should not leave out the name of any colleague who might later challenge the objectivity of his taste or his lack of sportsmanship within the profession. Mr. Veríssimo's confession, "And here I close this chapter with the vague sensation that I have just finished copying a telephone directory . . .," reflects fairly well what must be the feeling of the uninitiated reader concerning the book as a whole.

American readers are indebted to Mr. Veríssimo for having taken sufficient pains to learn English so well that the idiomatic and racy quality of his style makes of his present book a veritable tour de force. And yet his pleasure in handling expertly an instrument relatively new to him is genuine and contagious, without the slightest trace of ostentatious virtuosity. One might ask of the author an equal concern for the selection and organization of his material, so that certain pivotal figures might come through more sharply. This is especially true of men with a definite interest for American readers, such as Nabuco, Oliveira Lima, and Ruy Barbosa. An excess of extraneous detail in the closing chapters makes difficult the projection of men like Gilberto Freyre, Mário de Andrade, and Manuel Bandeira on a scale commensurate with their importance in determining the emergence of a literature of social significance in a language increasingly expressive of the complexity of present-day Brazil. Few will disagree with Mr. Veríssimo's belief that "the thirties brought to Brazilian literature its coming of age." This fact makes it doubly disappointing that his treatment of the period reveals a certain hesitancy to come to grips with the inner implications of the very literature of which he is a representative part.

Mr. Veríssimo's book is welcome as an unpretentious but thoroughly readable first guide in a field having few introductory studies available in English. Whatever its shortcomings as a history of Brazilian literature, it cannot fail to make friends for Brazil through the introduction it gives one to the author himself, despite the fact that he does not once mention his own achievements as a creative writer. To interpret for a foreign audience the literature of one's countrymen, without false modesty and yet without any trace of pompous salesmanship, requires a mature talent and a communicative spirit. As his novels might lead one to expect, Mr. Veríssimo meets this challenge in an effortless and convincing manner.

WILLIAM BERRIEN

BRIEFER COMMENT

"Report on the Russians"

LAST SUMMER W. L. White accompanied Eric Johnston to Russia, and he has described the six weeks' trip in his "Report on the Russians" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). He saw, understood, and recorded a great deal. He did not speak the language and knew little about Russia. But this handicap has never prevented foreign travelers from reporting on Russia after fleeting visits, and few came equipped with White's keen eye and excellent pen.

Mr. White went to Russia admiring free enterprise and hating suppression of freedom. He found plenty of the latter, and it deeply repelled him. His observations on this score are amazingly shrewd and correct for a foreigner. They could have been even more impressive had he not lost his sense of proportion and dwelt on the negative.

He visited factories and found some of them dirty. In this Mr. White saw indisputable proof of the failure of the non-competitive system. Later he finds "clean, well-lighted factories," but he does not alter his previous conclusions. He goes to Leningrad and devotes a couple of short, cold paragraphs to an epic of courage that had stirred the world. Though he finds the Russian way of solving the racial problem excellent as compared to our own, Mr. White disposes of it in a few lines. In 309 pages there is only one casual remark about Soviet children, but many pages and an extremely rich vocabulary are devoted to describing badly cut clothes, sallow complexions, poor window displays, and the vitamin-lacking diet. This is a most distasteful way of judging any nation in the fourth year of a horrible war on its own soil.

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SPRING BOOKS

NEXT WEEK'S 48-page Spring Book Number will bring *Nation* readers rich and varied commentary on literature and the arts, at home and abroad.

MARGARET MARSHALL, in Notes by the Way, will discuss, among other things, the current confusion between "folk" and folks.

RANDALL JARRELL will contribute another of his distinguished war poems, entitled, "Siegfried." . . . In an essay, "The Face in the Mountain," James Grossman makes a new approach to literary likenesses.

"THE FRENCH REVOLUTION" by J. M. Thompson will be reviewed by Albert Guérard. Keith Hutchison will analyze Alvin H. Hansen's important new book on an important subject, "America's Role in the World Economy."

IN AN INTERESTING analysis F. W. Dupee will discuss and compare "The Masque of Reason" by Robert Frost and "The Winter Sea" by Allen Tate. . . . Diana Trilling's Fiction in Review will deal with William Maxwell's "The Folded Leaf" and other new novels.

BRIEFER COMMENTS by Joseph Wood Krutch, Louise Bogan, Carey McWilliams, and others, and *The Nation's* regular columns on the arts by B. H. Haggin, James Agee, and Clement Greenberg.

NEXT WEEK in THE *Nation*

Mr. White reports truthfully what he sees. He does not tell any lies except when he quotes stories, like that of the Moscow "panic," from unreliable sources. It is not lack of truth which distorts Mr. White's report but lack of balance and of sympathy.

He shows more warmth toward the end of his trip. Is it because, as he says, the farther away from Moscow the less dictatorial regimentation there is? Isn't it rather because as Mr. White saw more of the Russians he not only let his eyes wander and his pen register but also allowed his mind to reopen and his heart to speak, as he has so ably done in his previous books? Had he left his prejudices behind and done this from the beginning, White's might have been *the* truthful report on war-time Russia which we so badly need. Even so, with all its shortcomings and prejudices, Mr. White's report is a fuller, truer, and less one-sided picture of Russia than the rapturous accounts of Soviet apologists who refuse to see the slightest spot on the lily-white Soviet escutcheon.

MARKOOSHA FISCHER

Unconquerable Corner

SOON AFTER THE ALLIES took southern Italy in 1943, two Yugoslavs wearing bits of German and Italian uniforms sailed across the Adriatic to Bari. They had been ordered by Marshal Tito to place a number of wounded partisans under the care of the Allies at Bari, and if possible to return with a little coal and some food. To their surprise and consternation the two Yugoslavs were whisked from office to office until they found themselves at General Eisenhower's headquarters in Algiers. Marshal Tito had not ordered such an extensive journey, and his disciplinary technique included the firing squad. They were worried.

Things worked out all right, however, because the two Yugoslavs fell in with Major Louis Huot, the American officer who later wrote "Guns for Tito" (Fischer, $2.75). He whisked them back to Bari and within two days had wangled for them a thousand tons of coal, food, and medical supplies. Shortly afterward he had a steady stream of ships smuggling war materials across the German-patrolled Adriatic to Tito's partisans.

The first trip across was made by Major Huot in a borrowed British speed boat disguised as a fishing smack; it sailed directly into the gunfire of the Yugoslavs, who did

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not realize that it was friendly. Later Major Huot was escorted through German-occupied territory to Tito's headquarters in the mountains of the interior. He came out believing Tito to be a great man, and marveling at the toughness of his warriors, both male and female. His account of the opening of the supply line to Yugoslavia is a brief, exciting foretaste of the great stories which some day will come out of the unconquerable corner of Europe.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

VERSE CHRONICLE

Imagists and Ex-Imagists

IT IS very irritating to reviewers that poets insist on publishing their books as individuals instead of according to some convenient pattern of schools or age groups. As it is, the reviewer has to think up his own pattern for any collection of new books of verse, dividing the poets into, say, lovers of turbines and lovers of begonias, or those who have heard of the war and those who have not. This week's chronicle will deal with three poets who, although they once shared vaguely similar methods, are mainly alike in that they have recently published books of poetry.

The poetry of William Carlos Williams is no longer as exciting as it was once. His "Della Primavera Trasportata al Morale," composed around 1930, is equally charged with humorous gusto and lyrical delicacy, and remains for me his best poem. Since then his work has resolved itself into a monotony of springtime ecstasies, suburban glimpses, and sketchy anecdotes, with here and there a brief quaver of true song. "The Wedge" (Cummington Press, $3.50) is typical. Here the shorter poems are the best, several of them being, for Williams, unusually moody:

> We cannot go to the country
> for the country will bring us
> no peace
> What can the small violets tell us
> that grow on furry stems in
> the long grass among lance-shaped
> leaves?

It is largely the war which has brought on this melancholy, and the melancholy comes off better in the short poems. If I understand it, the fairly long Burning the Christmas Greens is an exercise in symbolism: we grow tired of peace and so resort periodically to war just as, after Christmas is over, we are weary of all the good-will and hasten to burn the wreaths and boughs. Now apart from the possible triviality of this view of war, the poem is weak because the symbol and the thing symbolized are not adequately related. In his attachment to imagist discipline ("No ideas but in things") Williams concentrates so much on describing the *thing* (the fire of greens) that the *idea* is left to smuggle its way into the poem by virtue of hints and asides. Furthermore, and again as a matter of principle, Williams strips his language quite bare of the literary resonance, the power of allusiveness, which might assist in the fusion of thought and symbol.

Why Williams, always sensitive and a craftsman, does not succeed better in his more ambitious pieces is not entirely

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clear. Perhaps the temperament and method are both too acutely limited. The philosophy by which he tries to reconcile nature and industrial civilization, the flower and the factory, and so to domesticate poetry in the present world, is not as deep as it is wide: it is the hearty and uncomplicated naturalism of the camera. And it reflects itself in a rather hard-and-fast technique. Cleanth Brooks has said of the imagists in general that their method consisted largely in "pointing at objects" because they worked at that level of modernism where the prime issue was the poeticality or non-poeticality of certain phenomena. Excepting the short poems, which are increasingly free of this obsession, Brooks's remark still applies to Williams. Not only does he continue to set up a tyranny of objects under which ideas must lead a rather furtive existence, but he still prizes the arbitrary juxtapositions of the doctrinaire modernist:

> Like a cylindrical tank fresh silvered
> upended on the sidewalk to advertise
> some plumber's shop, a profusion
> of pink roses bending ragged in the rain—
> speaks to me of all gentleness and its
> enduring.

But Williams has survived far better as an imagist than have many of the poets who once shared his faith, for example, Kenneth Rexroth and H. D. In my mind H. D. is fatally associated with a high-school teacher who used to mystify me by chanting "Whirl up your pointed pines" as if it were the Confiteor; though doubtless it is not as silly a poem as it then appeared. Silent in England for many years, H. D. has lately brought out a volume, "The Walls Do Not Fall" (Oxford, $2), which the publishers describe as "rooted in the very midst of . . . the Blitz." It is earnest poetry, with as many ideas now as images. H. D. has discovered ancient Egypt as a source of metaphors and peace as Yeats once discovered Byzantium:

> here am I, Amen-Ra,
> *Amen,* Aries, the Ram;
>
> time, time for you to begin a new spiral,
> see—I toss you into the star-whirlpool . . .

And she has also, perhaps through the Beveridge Plan, discovered her lack of social purpose:

> we are these people,
>
> wistful, ironical, wilful,
> who have no part in
>
> new-world reconstruction,
> in the confederacy of labor,
>
> the practical issues of art
> and the cataloguing of utilities . . .

Kenneth Rexroth is too young to have been an imagist *pur sang,* but if I am right he was once associated with Williams in a roughly kindred movement called "objectivist." Like H. D. he has found the pressure of ideas too strong for the old technique. The title poem of his book, "The Phoenix and the Tortoise" (New Directions, $2.50), is a lengthy philosophical discourse, more doggerel than poetry, into which he has distilled a great deal of thought and reading.

> Marx. Kropotkin. Adams. Acton
> Spengler. Toynbee. Tarn building empires
> From a few coins found in the cellar . . .
> History . . . the price we pay for man's
> First disobedience . . . John of Patmos,
> The philosopher of history.

Rexroth's is an exuberant personality, but the poem will not do. It is like those long, single-spaced, unparagraphed letters on yellow scratch paper which one sometimes gets from an excitable acquaintance on vacation with a lot of deep books. A little restraint, please. Rexroth's shorter poems are better, though still disintegrated by self-indulgence and self-consciousness; their lush landscapes and passionate scenes are in debt to the prose of D. H. Lawrence. Rexroth's translations from ancient epigrammatists are excellent.

F. W. DUPEE

FICTION IN REVIEW

ONE need not be a particularly accomplished Jamesian to recognize the dominant influence in Rosamond Lehmann's "The Ballad and the Source" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.75). Miss Lehmann's new novel is a psychological mystery of the type that Henry James delighted in, and from the precocious children who see and hear such a large part of the story, through the careful architecture of the narrative and its emphasis on psychological motive, to its atmosphere of well-bred horror "The Ballad and the Source" reveals its distinguished ancestry. Even the names of the characters suggest the connection: there is not only the girl Maisie, as an obvious instance, but also such names as Mrs. Jardine and Mr. Charles Herbert, which ring an unmistakable note of familiarity. On the other hand, there is a factitious quality to Miss Lehmann's mystery, a growing sense of mystification for its own sake or the sake only of making a good dramatic yarn, which unfortunately reminds us less of Henry James than of a superior "Rebecca."

But it is as much a part of the subtlety and delicate complication of "The Ballad and the Source" as of its mystification that it is very difficult to summarize. To say that Miss Lehmann is telling the story of a beautiful Edwardian lady the affirmation of whose will against the conventions of her society destroys her daughter's life and works its disastrous effects into the generation of her grandchildren is to make but a crude approximation of even the outline of the book; for the circles of circumstance generated by Mrs. Jardine's conduct in very young-womanhood suggest an endless widening, like the circles started by a pebble on the smooth surface of a lake. In addition, any synopsis of "The Ballad and the Source" must be inadequate to the richly modulated character of Mrs. Jardine; and it is this character—its moral color and substance—with which Miss Lehmann is chiefly and best concerned. Even at the end of the novel, when all the clues to Mrs. Jardine are in and the consequences of her behavior have been shown in their full melodrama, we are warned against a simple judgment on so much complexity. Like the child Rebecca Landon, Rosamond Lehmann's author-person, the reader is left with the heavy burden of Mrs. Jardine's ambivalent morality; even in Mrs. Jardine's lies we have been taught to see a certain truth.

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Among present-day novels, that is, "The Ballad and the Source" is unusually ambitious on the moral-psychological level. Miss Lehmann, running against the current of our time, refuses to be satisfied with absolute notions of right and wrong. She also avoids the great cliché of recent fiction, the substitution of psychopathology for moral and psychological understanding—and this quite despite the psychopathological nature of the novel's climax.

In method, too, "The Ballad and the Source" is ambitious in a way that is uncommon in contemporary fiction. Miss Lehmann divides her novel into several parts, in each of which the character and history of Mrs. Jardine are presented in a fresh light; and the development of the story is handled in long narrative dialogues between Rebecca and some other person in a position to know what happened, often Mrs. Jardine herself. By the use of such devices she rejects both the internality which is so popular with present-day novelists and the straightaway factuality of traditional fiction, in favor of the artificiality, if you will, of the "constructed" tale.

And yet when one has taken into account the moral and technical imagination of Miss Lehmann's novel, and also its high literacy, one wonders why the book as a whole swings so much less than its intended weight—and I suppose it is because moral imagination is not enough; it must always be supported with moral passion. I think that what finally exposes "The Ballad and the Source" to the accusation of factitiousness is the impression Miss Lehmann conveys of caring more about the outcome of a story than about the outcome of life itself. Whatever the high degree of consciousness with which Henry James went about the business of constructing his tales, this was an error of which he was of course incapable. The obsessive identification he made between art and life—his conviction, indeed, that art *was* life—saved James from such an act of inverse condescension. It also made him inimitable even by a writer who, like Miss Lehmann, brings to her study of him such considerable gifts of insight and taste.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IT IS not often that a first play—indeed, it is not often that *any* play—gets such a reception as "The Glass Menagerie" (Playhouse Theater) got from audience and from press alike. After the final curtain had descended, the unfamiliar cry of "Author! Author!" rang through the auditorium, and next morning the reviewers staged what is commonly called a dance in the streets. Undoubtedly some of this enthusiasm was for the acting and the production, especially for the performance of Laurette Taylor, who got everything that was to be had from the character of the pitiful and terrible old woman who is the central figure. But undoubtedly the enthusiasm was also and in almost equal measure for the playwright, a young man named Tennessee Williams previously known chiefly to prize committees and to the editors of avant-garde magazines.

In his first Broadway play Mr. Williams has chosen to set forth a powerful and arresting, if somewhat abruptly truncated, situation in an elaborate and highly fanciful manner. The action begins with a pretentious and inflated speech delivered in front of a blank wall by Eddie Dowling, who is several times in the course of the play to step out of his role to act as a usually unnecessary "narrator." Then the lights behind the wall go on and we see into the dismal interior of a slum flat in St. Louis presided over by an ex-Southern belle long ago deserted by her irresponsible husband and now striving desperately to arrange some sort of future for her crippled, neurotic daughter and her restless son, about whose neck the two female millstones are hanging. In her dreams this mother, now shabby and old and fat, still relives the days when she led the cotillion at the Governor's Ball and entertained seventeen callers at one time. All her vocabulary, all her standards, all her plans are in the terms of that dead past. "Gentlemen callers," "widows well provided for," and "young men of character and promise" are the figures of the mythology from which she cannot escape. She is vulgar, nagging, and unreasonable. But she is also desperate, pathetic, and gallantly hopeless in a fight against overwhelming odds—altogether, at least as Miss Taylor plays her, unforgettable as well as almost unbearable. She finally induces her son to entice a "gentleman caller" from the warehouse where he works; the gentleman caller charms the sickly daughter, and then, at the end of his first and only visit, announces his approaching marriage to someone else. The son leaves the house forever to join the merchant marine. His mother runs out after him to denounce his desertion and to show that she nevertheless is strong enough to go on with the fight. Then the lights go out, and the narrator steps again to the front of the stage. That, he announces, is the end of all the author has to tell. The imagination of the audience must supply for itself the rest of the story.

I have already said that the central character is unforgettable, and I must add my opinion that the fact is due at least as much to the writing as it is to the acting. Moreover, nothing which I am about to say should be taken as denying the fact that "The Glass Menagerie" is a remarkable play and its author a man of extraordinary talent. But there is no use failing to mention that his weaknesses are as patent as his gifts, or that very good writing and very bad writing have seldom been as conspicuous in the script of one play. It has a hard, substantial core of shrewd observation and deft, economical characterization. But this hard core is enveloped in a fuzzy haze of pretentious, sentimental, pseudo-poetic verbiage which I can compare only to the gauze screens of various degrees of filmy opacity which are annoyingly raised and lowered during the course of the physical action in order to suggest memory, the pathos of distance, and I know not what else. How a man capable of writing as firm as is some of that in this play can on other occasions abandon himself to such descriptive passages as that in which a young man is described—in Oscar Wilde's worst style—as "like white china" is a mystery. Moreover, the incongruity is almost as conspicuous between personages as it is between passages. The insubstantial, unconvincing wisp of a Little Nell whom Julie Haydon is compelled to interpret simply does not belong in the same world as the one her mother so solidly inhabits.

The limitations of a good writer are sometimes best passed over in silence. One accepts them, and one can do nothing else. But when defects are of a corrigible sort, when they seem the result of a sort of self-indulgence which is likely to grow and grow if encouraged or even tolerated, then they ought to be reprehended in some downright

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manner. And the defects of Mr. Williams's manner are defects of that sort. Probably he admires most in himself what is least admirable there. At the moment no doubt many agree with him. But they will not continue to do so for long. He is one of those writers who had best heed the advice: whenever you have written a line you like especially well, strike it out.

Films

JAMES AGEE

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE" is the famous old Pinero valentine—brought up to date and from England to New England—about a homely spinster and a disfigured veteran who, because they are in love, look beautiful to each other until people who are not involved in their illusion rudely shatter—I believe one should say—their frail dream world. When I saw Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy play it, in the early fourteenth century, I was so transfigured by it that for some weeks afterward, behind locked doors, I alternated my imitations of Mr. Barthelmess's work, with his cane and his wrung shoulder, with sculptural replicas of Miss McAvoy's hooked nose and protruding teeth. I can recommend the new Robert Young–Dorothy McGuire version to susceptible adolescents of any age, but I doubt that I can give it—or could now give the old one—a fair review, for everything about it embarrasses me too painfully for clear thought: its solemnly whimsical good intentions, its slushy philosophy and still slushier dramaturgy, the little kernels of truth which it turns into so much molasses-dipped popcorn, and the impressive variety of whimpers, snorts, eyedabs, and frantically salvaged sobs which it tickled, pleaded, pressed, shanghaied, kicked, clubbed, and above all blackmailed out of me. I have no objection to tears when they are honest ones honestly extracted—quite the contrary; and very possibly some of these were of that sort, but if so I will never know. I had too constantly to be preoccupied with the feeling that my spiritual pockets were being picked by people with sad sweet smiles who, worse still, believed in both the smiles and the thieving.

As well as I could see, however, through fears generated chiefly by helpless rage against myself and my merciless assailants, the movie was done quite well for the delicately vulgar sort of thing it is, especially by Robert Young and Dorothy McGuire. I can hardly imagine, for that matter, being seriously offended by Mr. Young; whatever he does, he is honest and sympathetic beyond offensiveness. Although I am happy to have to respect Miss McGuire's sensitiveness and proficiency, I can't help feeling sorry to see her use such coarse, all but village-idiot bids for pity-please as the worst she uses to communicate the heroine in her humbler phase. It is possible to get any amount of popular acclaim as an artist, in the kingdom of the blind, by relaxing to a level of acting once admired in character roles in little-theater productions; but it is deplorable and very dangerous as well, and Miss McGuire surely knows, can do, and wants, better.

I have always felt that one of the most profound and moving of relationships is that which can develop between a teacher and pupil, provided that both are alive; so I think less well of "The Corn Is Green"—which does that once over lightly, with exotic and proletarian trimmings—than I might have if I had come to it unprejudiced. I did come to it unprejudiced in another sense, for I never saw Ethel Barrymore play it. Trustworthy people tell me that she would have left me with my tongue hanging out, and by my own experience of Miss Barrymore I can find no reason to doubt it. Bette Davis left me with my tongue in my head, and I hope I can make it a civil one. I like and respect Miss Davis as a most unusually sincere and hard-working actress, and I have seen her play extremely well; but I did not find much in this performance to bring one beyond liking, respect, and, I am afraid, a kind of sympathy which no healthily functioning artist needs. It seems to me she is quite limited, which may be no sin but is a pity, and that she is limiting herself beyond her rights by becoming more and more set, official, and first-ladyish in mannerism and spirit, which is perhaps a sin as well as a pity. In any case, very little about her performance seemed to me to come to life, in spite of a lot of experienced striving which often kept in touch with life as if through a thick sheet of glass. To be sure, the role is not a deeply perceived or well-written one, and the whole play seems stolid and weak. I have a feeling that Miss Davis must have a great deal of trouble finding films which seem appropriate, feasible, and worth doing, and I wish that I,

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or anyone else, could be of use to her in that. For very few people in her position in films mean, or could do, so well. But I doubt that anything could help much unless she were willing to discard much that goes with the position—unless, indeed, she realized the absolute necessity of doing so.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

ON THE maps, provided by critics and teachers, on which I had to depend in my youthful exploration of the world of music Berlioz was marked off as a desert: I first read about the Fantastic Symphony, for example, in the New York *Times* review of Mengelberg's first concert with the National Symphony in 1921, in which Richard Aldrich deplored the waste of effort on a hopelessly arid and banal work. The truth about Berlioz—as about a number of other musical matters—was something I had to discover through my own experience of the music; and one experience—a performance of "Harold in Italy" by Toscanini with the New York Philharmonic around 1930—had the effect of revelation: I found myself following Berlioz's mind in the finale with new understanding and delight; and I was now ready to appreciate fully the marvels in "Romeo and Juliet" and—I find now—the earlier movements of "Harold in Italy."

Those marvels are the product of a great melodic gift, a subtle harmonic sense, a magician's ear for the orchestra, which operate in completely individual ways in the service of an individual mind and imagination. The Berlioz melody is an exfoliating progression, with unexpected turns and exquisite inflections which pivot on, and are enriched by, equally unexpected and exquisite moves in the underlying harmony, and with further enrichment by the instrumental colors. You can hear all this in the second movement of "Harold"—in the developing series of statements by the strings, each moving unpredictably to its conclusion in a sustained note that is echoed by a magical note of the horn and wonderful murmurings of the other winds. And in the third movement, where, after preliminary pastoral pipings, the English horn begins a serenade with two simple phrases which leave you unprepared for the ravishing subtleties of melodic turn of phrase and harmonic and instrumental coloring that follow. As for the finale, there the Berlioz mind runs riot in an extreme dynamic and rhythmic activation of the material—by sharp contrasts of loud and soft and sudden crescendos and decrescendos in the brilliant sonorities; by antiphonal tossing of them between choirs of the orchestra; and above all by abrupt shifts in their rhythmic impetus through irregularities of accent, grouping, and so on.

Victor's new recording of Koussevitzy's performance with the Boston Symphony and William Primrose as viola soloist (Set 989; $5.50) has enabled me to document my dissatisfaction with the performance when I heard it in Carnegie Hall last November. The work did not have the effect I remembered and expected; and I was aware of one thing that lessened its effectiveness: its sections fell apart into detached episodes, instead of cohering in a unified utterance. And I can see now that the performance is the product of a man with an ear for sonority but no feeling for pace—either for the single tempo that will give a passage of music its right character and meaning, or for the several tempos that will give the sections of a piece of music coherence.

If it had been Koussevitzky's performance of the finale that I had heard in 1930 I doubt that the effect would have been revelation; for at his slow pace the music hasn't the lightness and élan it should have, but is stodgy and heavy. In the third movement Berlioz gives a metronome number for the *Allegro assai* of the introductory section, and another metronome number for the *Allegretto* of the serenade to implement his direction that the dotted quarter-note of the *Allegretto* shall equal the dotted half-note of the *Allegro assai*—or in other words that one measure of the *Allegretto* shall take the time of two measures of the *Allegro assai*. But Koussevitzky slows down the *Allegretto*, altering its relation to the *Allegro assai*, and changing what Berlioz intended as a fairly animated serenade into a rather lugubrious lament. Later in the movement there is a repetition of the *Allegro assai* leading again to the *Allegretto*; and this time Berlioz further integrates the two by continuing the sharply rhythmed accompaniment-figure of the *Allegro assai* into the half-as-fast *Allegretto* as a background for the serenade. Clearly the accompaniment-figure must continue unaltered in speed and character, and Berlioz's directions for the two tempos must be obeyed literally; but Koussevitzky again slows down the *Allegretto*, and with it the accompaniment-figure of the *Allegro assai*. And there is another example of this involving two movements: when the viola solo of the introduction of the first movement recurs in the course of the second movement it should move at the same pace—as it does if one takes Berlioz's tempos for the movements; but with Koussevitzky's altered tempos it comes out enormously slower in the second movement.

The sound of the performance in Carnegie Hall was phenomenally beautiful; but the recording was made in Symphony Hall, which is over-brilliant even when filled; and though the press-release about the recording said a curtain had been hung to eliminate the echoing of the empty hall, the brilliance of the fast and loud passages comes off the records blurred and noisy from reverberation such as I do not recall in any previous Boston Symphony recording (some of the noise, however, is caused by Koussevitzky's disregard of some of the *pp's* that Berlioz opposes to the *ff's*). But the slow and quiet portions of the work are beautifully reproduced. In my review copy there are a few buzzes and two sides with wavering pitch (in addition to a few notes which Primrose does not hit accurately).

With its defects of performance and recording the set will not give you all the beauty that is in the work; but it will give you enough to make it a set you should not fail to acquire. Given the sound of the serenade or the finale, you may be able to imagine it in its correct tempo.

CONTRIBUTORS

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Letters to the Editors

FORUM ON PEACE-TIME CONSCRIPTION

[*Other letters on this subject were printed last week.*]

Conscription vs. Democracy

Dear Sirs: Compulsory military training, as a permanent policy, is indefensible. We must of course maintain a fairly large army for the occupation of enemy territory for some years after the war, but this cannot be done by short-term trainees. We must also have a vigorous navy and air force to help implement the Dumbarton Oaks agreements. The thing we do *not* need is the only thing that compulsory military training could give us—a permanent mass army.

Even if the outline of a third world war were already visible, what good would compulsory military training do us at this point? What good would it have done at the time of Pearl Harbor to have a trained army of ten million unless we also had the arms? There will always be time to give men a year of training before their weapons are ready—unless we are to fight with obsolete weapons or maintain war production almost at present levels. Both are unthinkable. What we shall need is a relatively small, alert, well-paid force of expert planners, researchers, and technicians, to provide a foundation and framework for the quick building of a great citizen army if we ever need one.

But, it is argued, compulsory military training is good in itself—it provides valuable experience for those who undergo it. Ask anyone now in the armed forces whether he has been taught anything except one specific job aimed at one specific goal—winning this particular war. Do we want the army, after all, to teach men anything else? Can it, under a system of compulsory military training, permanently improve health more than a well-planned civilian program? Can it provide better training for a technical civilian job than a civilian technical school? Can it educate men for democratic citizenship better than a civilian system of education? Even to ask these questions is absurd.

And what will army life teach our peace-time conscripts? It will teach them to obey orders—with a minimum of exertion and intelligence; to use leisure time—in the most unrewarding ways; it will teach some of them how to avoid suffering in body or conscience—while casting aside the moral restraints that civilian life imposes; and it will try to teach them not to think for themselves, not to be free individuals in a democratic community.

In war these evils are part of the price that we must and can afford to pay. In peace time they offer no return.

ELLSWORTH BARNARD

Alfred, N. Y., March 5

Conscription vs. Cooperation

Dear Sirs: I especially liked Dr. Nollen's emphasis of the fact that to get full results from cooperation one must give full support to it, a thing we could not do if we were to establish compulsory military training. It would be as if a man were to sit praising the police and the courts, while he kept his hand on the gun in his pocket, ready to shoot the first person who molested him.

G. STUART LOCKE

Newtonville, Mass., February 27

Calling Mr. Bolte

Dear Sirs: I should like to take issue with Charles Bolté's argument for conscription on two counts. He writes: "It would be folly . . . to overlook the possibility that . . . we might export unemployment, causing world-wide economic chaos, always an incentive to war; or that either England or Russia might . . . seek to strengthen Germany against the other, which would inevitably draw us in when the conflict came. . . . " In that case should American liberals support war?

We support the present war because we consider Hitler and his slavery a worse alternative. I, for one, still believe that we are fighting for a better world. If I did not, I would oppose the war. But I do not care to promise my support, however insignificant, or to urge preparation for future wars which may be fought for imperialism or power politics. Certainly I cannot understand the point of view of a liberal who urges us to start preparing immediately to fight for the interests of the American airline companies.

My second objection is a question to Mr. Bolté. If the American people start immediately after the peace to rearm, shall we not invite England and Russia to enter into an armaments race against us? I can see no other reason to arm except to be ready to take on tremendous opponents. It is obvious this would foster distrust among the Allies and very likely interfere with our united efforts to enforce peace. But worse—I know of no instance in history where an armaments race did not result in war.

EDITH UDELL

New York, March 21

Dear Sirs: Mr. Bolté accepts the principle that the United States is the most probable aggressor against the welfare of the human race—and for strictly business motives. His arguments will surely persuade most liberals that now, as always before, "realism" and "pessimism" are synonyms in the militarist's vocabulary. Are we so sunk in this pessimism, so certain of disaster, that rather than prepare for peace through general disarmament we will spend billions in setting the stage for war? Anyone who genuinely embraced Bolté's fatalism should follow its logic and commit suicide.

ALTON R. HODGKINS

New Orleans, La., March 27

Dear Sirs: Mr. Bolté's article favoring peace-time conscription contains so many true and acute observations that one is the more astonished at the weak and even absurd character of his chief argument.

He says we must have trained conscript reserves in practically unlimited number because "our relatively small professional army might be decimated in the first week of any future war." Just exactly what would become of these reserves with the whole standing force wiped out in one week? Then there is the choice bit about putting every American boy in the future through the army because one of Mr. Bolté's correspondents assures him that "any G. I. will tell you that to really hate the army you have to be in it a while." The army will presumably be out with new slogans soon: "We guarantee to make you hate the army—but hard"; or "For the love of peace, enlist!"

A. J. MUSTE,
Fellowship of Reconciliation

New York, March 29

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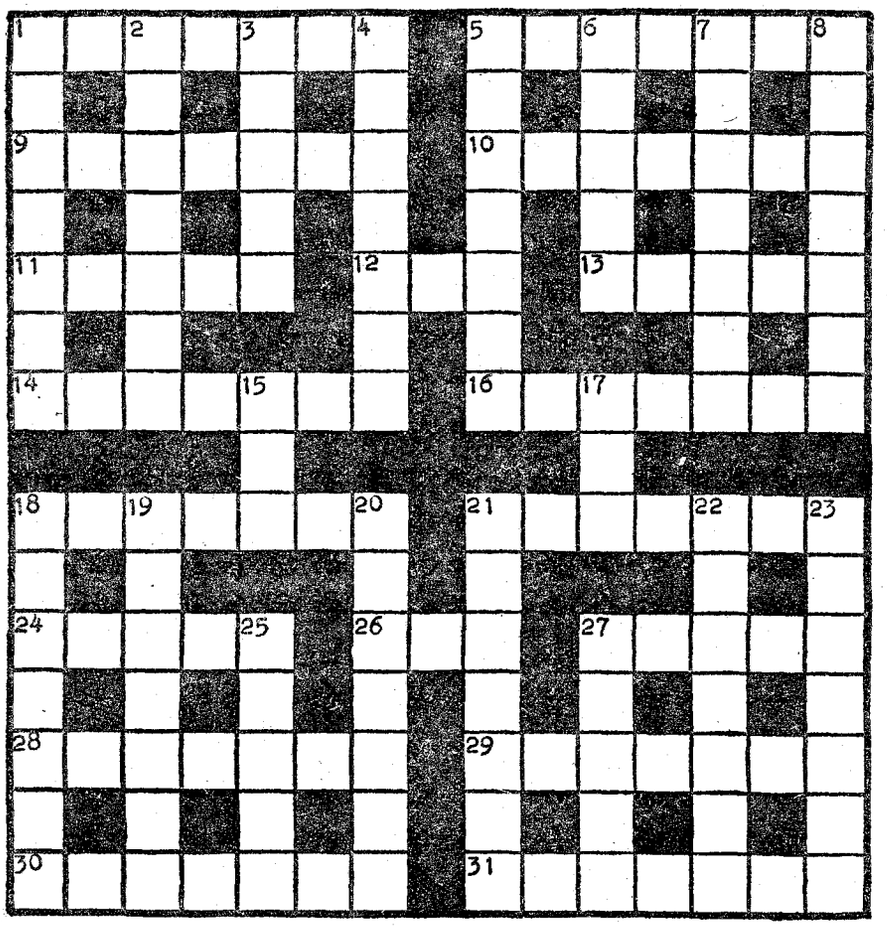
Crossword Puzzle No. 111

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Shylock's beautiful daughter
5 Conspirator
9 Author of "A Message to Garcia"
10 College graduate
11 Wide-awake solvers don't do this
12 Yale
13 A matter, sub rosa, that is painfully touching
14 Delicate degrees of difference
16 Mournful ballads
18 Better known to you, perhaps, as tusseh-silk
21 Undoubtedly the shortest month for bill payers
24 Provide in a crate
26 A dwarf
27 This place sounds something like!
28 Obliteration
29 Get to know again
30 The one "who done it" perhaps
31 "- - - - - - - with coy submission, modest pride, And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay" (*Paradise Lost*)

DOWN

1 When this Samuel's mother called him a puppy, he inquired if she knew what a puppy's mother was called
2 A term used in this list of clues (two words, 3 and 4)
3 Living likeness
4 Place of abode
5 A four-legged animal with feathers
6 Continue somewhere late
7 Periodical wind of the Indian Ocean
8 Insurrections
15 Bird cry
17 "Nature's sole mistake"
18 Marked cards
19 Sparta's turned to petty despots, it seems
20 It would take a lot of faith to move this one
21 He once spoke disrespectfully of the Equator
22 A brassard
23 Pined
25 "The blood more stirs To - - - - - a lion than to start a hare!" (*Henry IV*)
27 Rescue—even if L is knocked out of it

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 110

ACROSS:—1 HABIT; 6 LET-UP; 9 EDUCATE; 10 MAXIM; 11 OMBRE; 12 PATTERN; 16 NASALS; 19 OILERS; 22 RECTITUDE; 23 SIAM; 24 GODS; 25 LAND; 26 IDOL; 27 SAGE; 29 EYOT; 30 SCENTLESS; 33 DODSON; 35 AISLES; 38 STRANDS; 41 ALERT; 42 TRA LA; 43 EPISTLE; 44 HOMER; 45 RENTS.

DOWN:—1 HAMAN; 2 BOXES; 3 TEMPLE; 4 SUIT; 5 MANE; 6 LEONID; 7 TABLE; 8 POETS; 13 ASCENDENT; 14 TRIO; 15 ROUNDHEAD; 17 ANIMATO; 18 ARMLESS; 20 LEGLESS; 21 RED ROSE; 28 ETNA; 31 COSTER; 32 SISTER; 33 DEATH; 34 DREAM; 36 LEARN; 37 SPATS; 39 RUIN; 40 NUTS.

"Another Law"

Dear Sirs: While I completely agree with Dr. Nollen's article so far as it goes, I believe it should clarify what is meant in the final paragraph by the "important moral implications" of the problem. Indeed, I find that word "moral" inadequate to characterize the change of center which must come into human hearts if the United Nations Conference in San Francisco is to lay the foundations of a new and better life for all the world. The only way to bring forth new life is to plant a seed that has life in it. That is an act of faith, *not* "primarily political and economic," but religious.

Some weeks ago Reinhold Niebuhr considered, in an address in this neighborhood, the awful possibility that despite our desire for a better world for all nations we may nevertheless fail to set up such a world for the reason intimated by St. Paul when he said, "I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind." This other law, which is the self in man, is not a law in the sense that obedience to it is required, but is an innate leaning with the power of compulsion. If we bring that nature to the peace conference, who would expect it to achieve a peace? Or a cooperative world? Mr. Niebuhr has a searching eye for human motives; there is reason to fear he could be right.

RUTH GEORGE

Claremont, Cal., March 4

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